McClure's Magazine.

Vol. XIII. MAY, 1899. No. 1.

STALKY AND CO.

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "In Ambush," "Captains Courageous," "The Day's Work," etc.

Illustrated by L. Raven-Hill.

VI.

THE FLAG OF THEIR COUNTRY.*

IT was winter and bitter cold of mornings. Consequently Stalky and Beetle—McTurk being of the offensive type that makes ornate toilet under all circumstances—drowsed till the last moment before turning out to call-over in the gas-lit gymnasium. It followed that they were often late; and since every unpunctuality earned them a black mark, and since three black marks a week meant defaulters' drill, equally it followed that they spent hours under the Sergeant's hand. Foxy drilled the defaulters with all the pomp of his old parade-ground.

"Don't think it's any pleasure to me" (his introduction never varied). "I'd much sooner be smoking a quiet pipe in my own quarters—but I see we 'ave the Old Brigade on our 'ands this afternoon. If I only 'ad you regular, Muster Corkran," said he, dressing the line.

"You've had me for nearly six weeks, you old glutton. Number off from the right!"

"Not *quite* so previous, please. I'm taking this drill. Left, half—turn! Slow—march." Twenty-five sluggards, all old offenders, filed into the gymnasium. "Quietly provide yourselves with the requisite dumb-bells; returnin' quietly to your place. Number off from the right, in *a* low voice. Odd numbers one pace to the front. Even numbers stand fast. Now, leanin' forward from the 'ips, takin' your time from me."

The dumb-bells rose and fell, clashed and were returned as one. The boys were experts at the weary game.

"Ve-ry good. I shall be sorry when any of you resume your 'abits of punctuality. Quietly return dumb-bells. We will now try some simple drill."

"Ugh! I know that simple drill."

"It would be 'ighly to your discredit if you did not, Muster Corkran. *At* the same time, it is not so easy as it looks."

"Bet you a bob, I can drill as well as you, Foxy."

"We'll see later. Now try to imagine you ain't defaulters at all, but an 'arf company on parade, me bein' your commandin' officer. There's no call to laugh. If you're lucky, most of you will 'ave to take drills 'arf your life. Do me a little credit. You've been at it long enough, goodness knows."

They were formed into fours, marched, wheeled, and countermarched, the spell of ordered motion strong on them. As Foxy said, they had been at it a long time.

The gymnasium door opened, revealing McTurk in charge of an old gentleman.

The Sergeant, leading a wheel, did not see. "Not so bad," he murmured. "Not 'arf so

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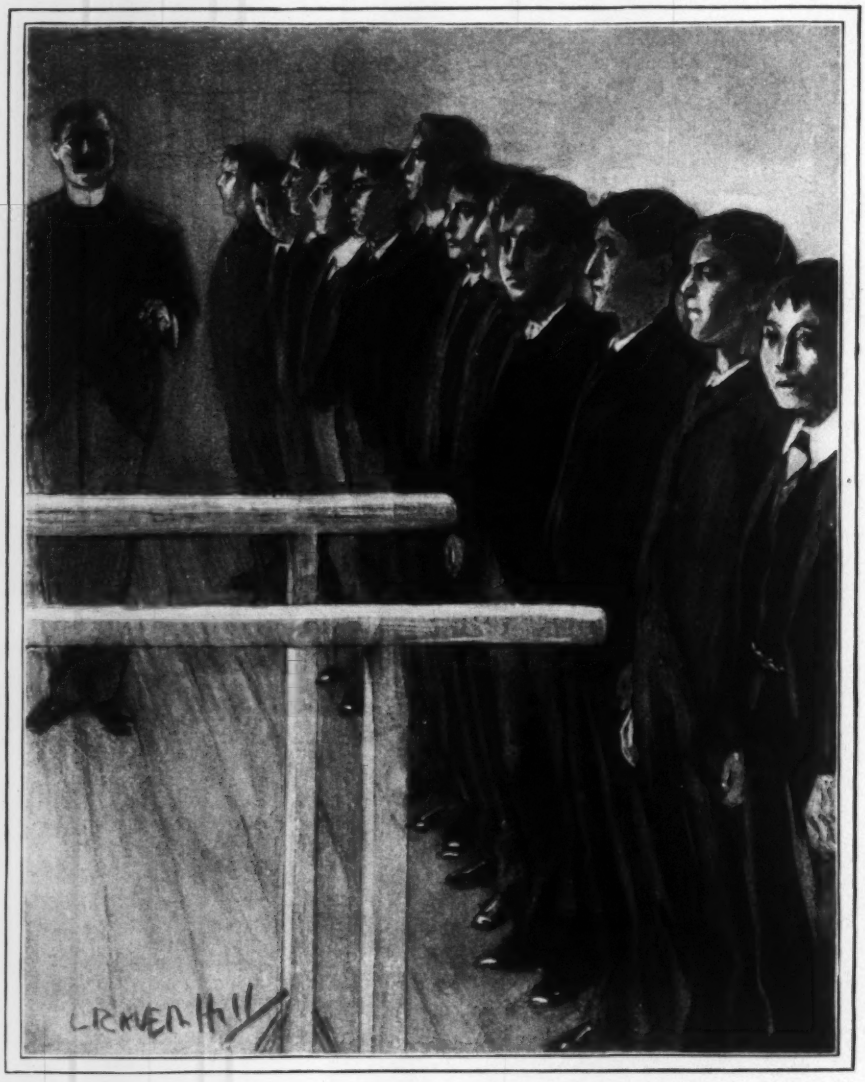


". . . . three black marks a week meant defaulters' drill."

bad. The pivot-man of the wheel *honly* marks time, Muster Swayne. Now, Muster Corkran, you say you know the drill? Oblige me by takin' over the command and, reversin' my words step by step, relegate them to their previous formation."

"What's this? What's this?" cried the visitor authoritatively.

"A—a little drill, sir," stammered Foxy, saying nothing of first causes.

"Excellent—excellent. I only wish there were more of it," he chirruped. "Don't let me interrupt. You were just going to hand over to some one, weren't you?" He sat down, breathing frostily in the chill air.

"I shall muck it. I know I shall," whispered Stalky uneasily; and his discomfort was not lightened by a murmur from the rear rank that the old gentleman was General Collinson, a member of the College Board of Council.

"Eh—what?" said Foxy.

"Collinson, K.C.B.—He commanded the Pompadours — my father's old regiment," hissed Swayne major.

"Take your time," said the visitor. "*I* know how it feels. Your first drill—eh?"

"Yes, sir." He drew an unhappy breath. "'Tention. Dress!" The echo of his own voice restored his confidence.

The wheel was faced about, flung back, broken into fours, and restored to line without a falter. The official hour of punishment was long passed, but no one thought of

that. They were backing up Stalky—Stalky in deadly fear lest his voice should crack.

"He does you credit, Sergeant," was the visitor's comment. "A good drill—and good material to drill. Now, it's an extraordinary thing: I've been lunching with your head master and he never told me you had a cadet-corps in the college."

"We 'aven't, sir. This is only a little drill," said the Sergeant.

"But aren't they keen on it?" said McTurk, speaking for the first time, with a twinkle in his deep-set eyes.

"Why aren't *you* in it, though, Willy?"

"Oh, I'm not punctual enough," said McTurk. "The Sergeant only takes the pick of us."

"Dismiss! Break off!" cried Foxy, fearing an explosion in the ranks. "I—I ought to have told you, sir, that——"

"But you should have a cadet-corps." The General pursued his own line of thought. "You *shall* have a cadet-corps, too, if my recommendation in Council is any use. I don't know when I've been so pleased. Boys animated by a spirit like yours should set an example to the whole school."

"They do," said McTurk.

"Bless my soul! Can it be so late? I've kept my fly waiting half an hour. Well, I must run away. Nothing like seeing things for oneself. Which end of the buildings does one get out at? Will you show me, Willy? Who was that boy who took the drill?"

"Corkran, I think his name is."

"You ought to know him. That's the kind of boy you should cultivate. Evidently an unusual sort. A wonderful sight. Five and twenty boys, who, I dare say, would much sooner be playing cricket—" (it was the depth of winter; but grown people, especially those who have lived long in foreign parts, make these little errors, and McTurk did not correct him)—"drilling for the sheer love of it. A shame to waste so much good stuff; but I think I can carry my point."

"An' who's your friend with the white whiskers?" demanded Stalky, on McTurk's return to the study.

"General Collinson. He comes over to shoot with my father sometimes. Rather a decent old bargee, too. He said I ought to cultivate your acquaintance, Stalky."

"Did he tip you?"

McTurk exhibited a blessed whole sovereign.

"Ah," said Stalky, annexing it, for he was treasurer. "We'll have a hefty brew. *You'd* pretty average cool cheek, Turkey, to jaw about our keenness an' punctuality."

"Didn't the old boy know we were defaulters?" said Beetle.

"Foxy . . . carried his woes to Keyte."

"Not him. He came down to lunch with the Head. I found him pokin' about the place on his own hook afterwards, an' I thought I'd show him the giddy drill. When I found he was so pleased, I wasn't goin' to damp his giddy ardor. He mightn't ha' given me the quid if I had."

"Wasn't old Foxy pleased? Did you see him get pink behind the ears?" said Beetle. "It was an awful score for him. Didn't we back him up beautifully? Let's go down to Keyte's and get some cocoa and sassingers."

They overtook Foxy, speeding down to retail the adventure to Keyte, who in his time had been Troop Sergeant Major in a cavalry regiment, and now, a war-worn veteran, was local postmaster and confectioner.

"You owe us something," said Stalky, with meaning.

"I'm 'ighly grateful, Muster Corkran. I've 'ad to run against you pretty hard in the way o' business, now and then, but I *will* say that outside o' business—bounds an' smokin', an' such like—I don't wish to have a more trustworthy young gentleman to 'elp me out of a hole. The way you 'andled the drill was beautiful, though I say it. Now, if you come regular henceforward——"

"But he'll have to be late three times a

"Perowne . . . drilled them for ten minutes."

week," said Beetle. "You can't expect a chap to do that—just to please you, Foxy."

"Ah, that's true. Still, if you could manage it—and you, Muster Beetle—it would give you a big start when the cadet-corps is formed. I expect the General will recommend it."

They raided Keyte's very much at their own sweet will, for the old man, who knew them well, was deep in talk with Foxy.

"I make what we've taken seven and six," Stalky called at last over the counter; "but you'd better count for yourself."

"No—no. I'd take your word any day, Muster Corkran.—In the Pompadours, was

he, Sergeant? We lay with them once—at Umballa, I think it was."

"I don't know whether this ham-and-tongue tin is eighteen pence or one an' four."

"Say one an' fourpence, Muster Corkran. . . . Of course, Seargeant, if it was any use to give my time, I'd be pleased to do it, but I'm too old. I'd like to see a drill again."

"Oh, come on, Stalky," cried McTurk. "He isn't listenin' to you. Chuck over the money."

"I want the quid changed, you ass. Keyte! Private Keyte! Corporal Keyte! Terroop-Sergeant-Major Keyte, *will* you give me change for a quid?"

"Yes—yes, of course. Seven an' six." He stared abstractedly, pushed the silver over, and melted away into the darkness of the back room.

"Now those two'll jaw about the Mutiny till tea-time," said Beetle.

"Old Keyte was at Sobraon," said Stalky. "Hear him talk about that sometimes! Beats Foxy hollow."

. . . . . .

The Head's face, inscrutable as ever, was bent over a pile of letters.

"What do you think?" he said at last to the Reverend John Gillett.

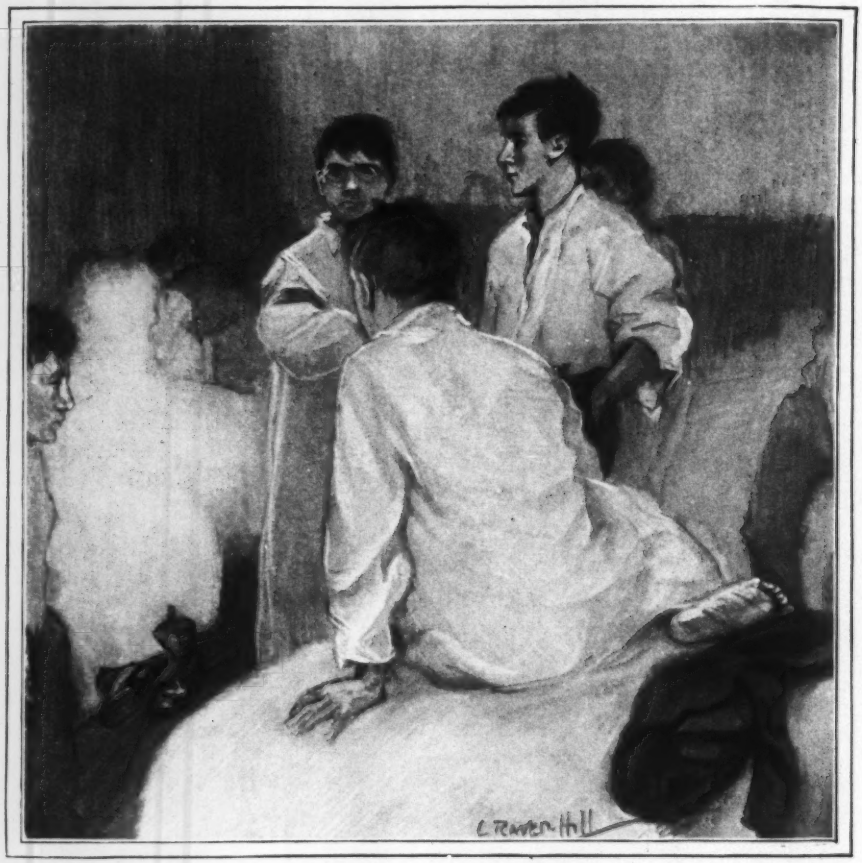
"It's a good idea. There's no denying that—an estimable idea."

"We concede that much. Well?"

"I have my doubts about it—that's all. The more I know of boys the less do I profess myself capable of following their moods, but I own I shall be very much surprised if the scheme takes. It—it isn't the temper of the school. We prepare for the Army."

"My business—in *this* matter—is to carry out the wishes of the Council. They demand a volunteer cadet-corps. A volunteer cadet-corps will be furnished. I have suggested, however, that we need not embark upon the

". . . when a brig went ashore on Braunton sands."



"They discussed the speech in the dormitories."

expense of uniforms till we are drilled. General Collinson is sending us fifty lethal weapons—cut-down Sniders, he calls them—all carefully plugged."

"Yes, that *is* necessary in a school that uses loaded saloon pistols to the extent we do." The Reverend John smiled.

"Therefore there will be no outlay except the Sergeant's time."

"But if he fails you will be blamed."

"Oh, assuredly. I shall post a notice in the corridor this afternoon, and——"

"I shall watch the result."

. . . . . .

"Kindly keep your 'ands off the new arm-rack." Foxy wrestled with a turbulent crowd in the gymnasium. "Nor it won't do even a condemned Snider any good to be continual snappin' the lock, Mr. Swayne.—Yiss, the uniforms will come later, when we're more proficient; at present we will confine ourselves to drill. I am 'ere for the purpose of takin' the names o' those willin' to join.—Put down that Snider, Muster Hogan!"

"What are *you* goin' to do, Beetle?" said a voice.

"I've had all the drill *I* want, thank you."

"What! After all you've learned? Come on. Don't be a scab! They'll make you corporal in a week," cried Stalky.

"I'm not goin' up for the Army." Beetle touched his spectacles.

"Hold on a shake, Foxy," said Hogan. "Where are you goin' to drill us?"

"Here—in the Gym—till you are fit an' capable to be taken out on the road." The sergeant threw a chest.

"For all the Northam cads to look at? Not good enough, Foxibus."

"Well, we won't make a point of it. You learn your drill first, an' later we'll see."

"Hullo," said Ansell of Macrea's, shouldering through the mob. "What's all this about a giddy cadet-corps?"

"It will save you a lot o' time at Sandhurst," the Sergeant replied promptly. "You'll be dismissed your drills early if you go up with a good groundin' before'and."

"Hm! Don't mind learnin' my drill, but

I'm not goin' to ass about the country with a toy Snider. Perowne, what are you goin' to do? Hogan's joinin'."

"Don't know whether I've the time," said Perowne. "I've got no end of extra-tu as it is."

"Well, call this extra-tu," said Ansell. "'Twon't take us long to mug up the drill."

"Oh, *that's* right enough, but what about marchin' in public?" said Hogan, not foreseeing that three years later he should die in the Burmese sunlight outside Minhla fort.

"Afraid the uniform won't suit your creamy complexion?" McTurk asked with a villainous sneer.

"Shut up, Turkey. You aren't goin' up for the Army."

"No, but I'm goin' to send a substitute. Hi! Morrell an' Wake! You two fags by the arm-rack, you've got to volunteer."

Blushing deeply—they had been too shy to apply before—the youngsters sidled towards the Sergeant.

"But I don't want the little chaps—not at first," said the Sergeant disgustedly. "I want—I'd like some of the Old Brigade—the defaulters—to stiffen 'em a bit."

"Don't be ungrateful, Sergeant. They're nearly as big as you get 'em in the Army now." McTurk read the papers of those years and could be trusted for general information, which he used as he used his "tweaker." Yet he did not know that Wake minor would be a bimbashi of the Egyptian army ere his thirtieth year.

Hogan, Swayne, Stalky, Perowne, and Ansell were deep in consultation by the vaulting-horse, Stalky as usual laying down the law. The Sergeant watched them uneasily, knowing that many waited on their lead.

"Foxy don't like my recruits," said McTurk, in a pained tone, to Beetle. "You get him some."

Nothing loath, Beetle pinioned two more fags—each no taller then a carbine.

"Here you are, Foxy. Here's food for powder. Strike for your hearths an' homes, you young brutes—an' be jolly quick about it."

"Still he isn't happy," said McTurk.

> "For the way we have with our Army
> Is the way we have with our Navy."

Here Beetle joined in. They had found the poem in an old volume of "Punch," and it seemed to cover the situation:

> "An' both of 'em led to adversity,
> Which nobody can deny!"

"You be quiet, young gentlemen. If you can't 'elp—don't 'inder." Foxy's eye was still on the council by the horse. Carter, White, and Tyrrell, all boys of influence, had joined it. The rest fingered the rifles irresolutely.

"Half a shake," cried Stalky. "Can't we turn out those rotters before we get to work?"

"Certainly," said Foxy. "Any one wishful to join will stay 'ere. Those who do not so intend will go out, quietly closin' the door be'ind 'em."

Half a dozen of the earnest-minded rushed at them, and they had just time to escape into the corridor.

"Well, why don't you join?" Beetle asked, re-settling his collar.

"Why didn't you?"

"What's the good? We aren't goin' up for the Army. Besides, I know the drill—all except the manual, of course. Wonder what they're doin' inside?"

"Makin' a treaty with Foxy. Didn't you hear Stalky say: 'That's what we'll do—an' if he don't like it he can lump it'? They'll use Foxy for a cram. Can't you see, you idiot? They're goin' up for Sandhurst or the Shop in less than a year. They'll learn their drill an' then they'll drop it like a shot. D'you suppose chaps with their amount of extra-tu are takin' up volunteerin' for fun?"

"Well, I don't know. I thought of doin' a poem about it—rottin' 'em, you know—'The Ballad of the Dogshooters'—eh?"

"I don't think you can, because King'll be down on the corps like a cartload o' bricks. He hasn't been consulted. He's sniffin 'round the notice-board now. Let's lure him." They strolled up carelessly towards the housemaster—a most meek couple.

"How's this?" said King with a start of feigned surprise. "Methought you would be learning to fight for your country."

"I think the company's full, sir," said McTurk.

"It's a great pity," sighed Beetle.

"Forty valiant defenders, have we, then? How noble! What devotion! I presume that it is possible that a desire to evade their normal responsibilities may be at the bottom of this zeal. Doubtless they will be accorded special privileges, like the Choir and the Natural History Society—one must not say Bug-hunters."

"Oh, I suppose so, sir," said McTurk, cheerily. "The Head hasn't said anything about it yet, but he will, of course."

"Oh, sure to."

"It is just possible, my Beetle," King wheeled on the last speaker, "that the housemasters—a necessary but somewhat neglected factor in our humble scheme of existence—may have a word to say on the matter. Life, for the young at least, is not all weapons and munitions of war. Education is incidentally one of our aims."

"What a consistent pig he is," cooed McTurk, when they were out of earshot. "One always knows where to have him. Did you see how he rose to that draw about the Head and special privileges?"

"Confound him, he might have had the decency to have backed the scheme. I could do such a lovely ballad, rottin' it; and now I'll have to be a giddy enthusiast. It don't bar our pulling Stalky's leg in the study, does it?"

"Oh, no; but in the Coll. we must be pro-cadet-corps like anything. Can't you make up a giddy epigram, à la Catullus, about King objectin' to it?"

Beetle was at this noble task when Stalky returned all hot from his first drill.

"Hullo, my ramrod-bunger!" began McTurk. "Where's your dead dog? Is it Defence or Defiance?"

"Defiance," said Stalky, and leaped on him at that word. "Look here, Turkey, you mustn't rot the corps. We've arranged it beautifully. Foxy swears he won't take us out into the open till we say we want to go."

"*Dis*-gustin' exhibition of immature infants apin' the idiosyncrasies of their elders. Snff."

"Have you been drawin' King, Beetle?" Stalky asked in a pause of the scuffle.

"Not exactly; but that's his genial style."

"Well, listen to your Uncle Stalky—who is a great man. Moreover and subsequently, Foxy's goin' to let us drill the corps in turn—*privatim et seriatim*—so that we'll all know how to handle a half company anyhow. *Ergo*, an' *propter hoc*, when we go to the Shop we shall be dismissed drill early; thus, my beloved 'earers, combinin' education with wholesome amusement."

"I knew you'd make a sort of extra-tu of it, you cold-blooded brute," said McTurk. "Don't you want to die for your giddy country?"

"Not if I can jolly well avoid it. *So* you mustn't rot the corps."

"We'd decided on that, years ago," said Beetle, scornfully. "King'll do the rottin'."

"Then you've got to rot King, my giddy poet. Make up a good catchy Limerick, and let the fags sing it."

"Look here, you stick to volunteerin', and don't jog the table."

"He won't have anything to take hold of," said Stalky, with dark significance.

They did not know what that meant till, a few days later, they proposed to watch the corps at drill. They found the gymnasium door locked and a fag on guard.

"This *is* sweet cheek," said McTurk, stooping.

"Mustn't look through the key-hole," said the sentry.

"I like that. Why, Wake, you little beast, I made you a volunteer."

"Can't help it. My orders are not to allow any one to look."

"S'pose we do?" said McTurk. "S'pose we jolly well slay you?"

"My orders are, I am to give the name of anybody who interfered with me on my post, to the corps, an' they'd deal with him after drill, accordin' to martial law."

"What a brute Stalky is!" said Beetle. They never doubted for a moment who had devised that scheme.

"You esteem yourself a giddy centurion, don't you?" said Beetle, listening to the crash and rattle of grounded arms within.

"My orders are, not to talk except to explain my orders—they'll lick me if I do."

McTurk looked at Beetle. The two shook their heads and turned away.

"I swear Stalky *is* a great man," said Beetle after a long pause. "One consolation is that this sort of secret-society biznai will drive King wild."

It troubled many more than King, but the members of the corps were muter than oysters. Foxy, being bound by no vow, carried his woes to Keyte.

"I never come across such nonsense in my life. They've tiled the lodge, inner and outer guard all complete, and then they get to work, keen as mustard."

"But what's it all for?" asked the ex-Troop Sergeant Major.

"To learn their drill. You never saw anything like it. They begin after I've dismissed 'em—practisin' tricks; but out into the open they will *not* come—not for ever so. The 'ole thing is pre-posterous. If you're a cadet-corps, *I* say, be a cadet-corps, instead o' hidin' be'ind locked doors."

"And what do the authorities say about it?"

"That beats me again." The Sergeant spoke fretfully. "I go to the 'Ead an' 'e gives me no help. There's times when I think he's makin' fun o' me. I've never been

a volunteer-sergeant, thank God—but I've always had the consideration to pity 'em. I'm glad o' that."

"I'd like to see 'em," said Keyte. "From your statements, Sergeant, I can't get at what they're after."

"Don't ask *me!* Ask that freckle-faced young Corkran. He's their generalissimo."

One does not refuse a warrior of Sobraon, or deny the only pastry-cook within bounds. So Keyte came, by invitation, leaning upon a stick, tremulous with old age, to sit in a corner and watch.

"They shape well. They shape uncommon well," he whispered between evolutions.

"Oh, *this* isn't what they're after. Wait till I dismiss 'em."

At the "break-off" the ranks stood fast. Perowne fell out, faced them, and, refreshing his memory by glimpses at a red-bound, metal-clasped book, drilled them for ten minutes. (This is that Perowne who was shot in Equatorial Africa by his own men.)

Ansell followed him, and Hogan followed Ansell. All three were implicitly obeyed.

Then Stalky laid aside his Snider, and, drawing a long breath, favored the company with a blast of withering invective.

Mr. Raymond Martin, M.P.

"'Old 'ard, Muster Corkran. That ain't in any drill," cried Foxy.

"You never know what you may have to say to your men.—For pity's sake, try to stand up without leanin' against each other, you blear-eyed, herrin'-gutted gutter-snipes. It's no pleasure to *me* to comb you out. That ought to have been done before you came here, you—you Militia broom-stealers."

"The old touch—the old touch. *We* know it," said Keyte, wiping his rheumy eyes. "But where did he pick it up?"

"From his father—or his uncle. Don't ask me! Half of 'em must have been born within ear-shot o' the barracks." (Foxy was not far wrong in his guess.) "I've heard more back-talk since this volunteerin' nonsense began than I've heard in a year in the service."

"There's a rear-rank man lookin' as though his belly were in the pawn-shop. Yes, *you*, Private Ansell," and Stalky tongue-lashed the victim for three minutes, in gross and in detail.

"Hullo!" He returned to his normal tone. "First blood to me. You flushed, Ansell. You wriggled."

"Couldn't help flushing," was the answer. "Don't think I wriggled, though."

"Well, it's your turn now." Stalky resumed his place in the ranks.

"Lord, Lord! It's as good as a play," chuckled the attentive Keyte.

Ansell, too, had been blessed with relatives in the service, and slowly, in a lazy drawl—his style was more reflective than Stalky's — descended the abysmal depths of personality.

"Blood to me!" he shouted triumphantly. "You couldn't stand it, either." Stalky was a rich red, and his Snider shook visibly.

"I didn't think I would," he said, struggling for composure, "but after a bit I got in no end of a bait. Curious, ain't it?"

"Good for the temper," said the slow-moving Hogan, as they returned arms to the rack.

"Did you ever?" said Foxy, hopelessly, to Keyte.

"I don't know much about volunteers, but it's the rummiest show I ever saw. I can see what they're gettin' at, though. Lord! how often I've been told off an' dressed down in my day! They shape well—extremely well they shape."

"If I could get 'em out into the open, there's nothing I couldn't do with 'em, Major. Perhaps when the uniforms come down, they'll change their mind."

Indeed it was time that the corps made some concession to the curiosity of the school. Thrice had the guard been mal-

treated and thrice had the corps dealt out martial law to the offender. The school raged. What was the use, they asked, of a cadet-corps which none might see? Mr. King congratulated them on their invisible defenders, and they could not parry his thrusts. Foxy was growing sullen and restive. A few of the corps expressed openly doubts as to the wisdom of their course; and the question of uniforms loomed on the near horizon. If these were issued, they would be forced to wear them.

But as so often happens in this life, the matter was suddenly settled from without.

The Head had duly informed the Council that their recommendation had been acted upon, and that, so far as he could learn, the boys were drilling.

He said nothing of the terms on which they drilled. Naturally, General Collinson was delighted and told his friends. One of his friends rejoiced in a friend, a Member of Parliament—a zealous, an intelligent, and, above all, a patriotic person, anxious to do the most good in the shortest possible time. But we cannot answer, alas! for the friends of our friends. If Collinson's friend had introduced him to the General, the latter would have taken his measure and saved much. But the friend merely spoke of his friend; and since no two people in the world see eye to eye, the picture conveyed to Collinson was inaccurate. Moreover, the man was an M.P., an impeccable Conservative, and the General had the English soldier's lurking respect for any member of the Court of Last Appeal. He was going down into the West country, to spread light in somebody's benighted constituency. Wouldn't it be a good idea if, armed with the General's recommendation, he, taking the admirable and newly-established cadet-corps for his text, spoke a few words—"Just talked to the boys a little—eh? You know the kind of thing that would be acceptable; and he'd be the very man to do it. The sort of talk that boys understand, you know."

"They didn't talk to 'em much in my time," said the General, suspiciously.

"Ah! but times change—with the spread of education and so on. The boys of to-day are the men of to-morrow. An impression in youth is likely to be permanent. And in these times, you know, with the country going to the dogs?"

"You're quite right." The island was then entering on five years of Mr. Gladstone's rule; and the General did not like what he had seen of it. He would certainly write to the Head, for it was beyond question that the boys of to-day made the men of to-morrow. That, if he might say so, was uncommonly well put.

In reply, the Head stated that he should be delighted to welcome Mr. Raymond Martin, M.P., of whom he had heard so much; to put him up for the night, and to allow him to address the school on any subject that he conceived would interest them. If Mr. Martin had not yet faced an audience of this particular class of British youth, the Head had no doubt that he would find it an interesting experience.

"And I don't think I am very far wrong in that last," he confided to the Reverend John. "Do you happen to know anything of one Raymond Martin?"

"I was at College with a man of that name," the chaplain replied. "He was without form and void, so far as I remember, but desperately earnest."

"He will address the Coll. on 'Patriotism' next Saturday."

"If there is one thing our boys detest more than another it is having their Saturday evenings broken into. Patriotism has no chance beside 'brewing.'"

"Nor art either. D'you remember our 'Evening with Shakespeare'?" The Head's eyes twinkled. "Or the humorous gentleman with the magic lantern?"

. . . . . .

"An' who the deuce is this Raymond Martin, M.P.?" demanded Beetle, when he read the notice of the lecture in the corridor. "Why do the brutes always turn up on a Saturday?"

"Ouh! Reomeo, Reomeo. Wherefore art thou Reomeo?" said McTurk over his shoulder, quoting the Shakespeare artiste of last term. "Well, he won't be as bad as *her*, I hope. Stalky, are you properly patriotic? Because if you ain't, this chap's goin' to make you."

"Hope he won't take up the whole of the evening. I suppose we've got to listen to him."

"Wouldn't miss him for the world," said McTurk. "A lot of chaps thought that Romeo-Romeo woman was a bore. *I* didn't. I liked her! 'Member when she began to hiccough in the middle of it? P'raps he'll hiccough. Whoever gets into the Gym first, bags seats for the other two."

. . . . . .

There was no nervousness, but a brisk and cheery affability about Mr. Raymond Martin,

M.P., as he drove up, watched by many eyes, to the Head's house.

"Looks a bit of a bargee," was McTurk's comment. "Shouldn't be surprised if he was a radical. He rowed the driver about the fare. I heard him."

"That was his giddy patriotism," Beetle explained.

After tea they joined the rush for seats, secured a private and invisible corner, and began to criticise. Every gas-jet was lit. On the little dais at the far end stood the Head's official desk, whence Mr. Martin would discourse, and a ring of chairs for the masters.

Entered then Foxy, with official port, and leaned something like a cloth rolled round a stick against the desk. No one in authority was yet present, so the school applauded, crying: "What's that, Foxy? What are you stealin' the gentleman's brolly for?—We don't birch here. We cane! Take away that bauble!—Number off from the right"—and so forth, till the entry of the Head and the masters ended all demonstrations.

"One good job—the Common-room hate this as much as we do. Watch King wrigglin' to get out of the draught."

"Where's the Raymondiferous Martin? Punctuality, my beloved 'earers, is the image o' war——"

"Shut up. Here's the giddy Duke. Golly, what a dewlap!" Mr. Martin, in evening dress, was undeniably throaty—a tall, generously-designed, pink-and-white man. Still, Beetle need not have been coarse.

"Look at his back while he's talkin' to the Head. Vile bad form to turn your back on the audience! He's a Philistine—a Bopper—a Jebusite an' a Hivite." McTurk leaned back and sniffed contemptuously.

In a few colorless words, the Head introduced the speaker and sat down amid applause. When Mr. Martin took the applause to himself, they naturally applauded more than ever. It was some time before he could begin. He had no knowledge of the school—its tradition or heritage. He did not know that the last census showed that eighty per cent. of the boys had been born abroad—in camp, cantonment, or upon the high seas; or that seventy-five per cent. were sons of officers in one or other of the services—Willoughbys, Paulets, De Castros, Maynes, Randalls, after their kind—looking to follow their fathers' profession. The Head might have told him this, and much more; but, after an hour-long dinner in his company, the Head decided to say nothing whatever. Mr. Raymond Martin seemed to know so much already.

He plunged into his speech with a long-drawn, rasping "Well, boys," that, though they were not conscious of it, set every young nerve ajar. He supposed they knew—hey?—what he had come down for? It was not often that he had an opportunity to talk to boys. He supposed that boys were very much the same kind of persons—some people thought them rather funny persons—as they had been in his youth.

"This man," said McTurk, with conviction, "is *the* Gadarene Swine."

But they must remember that they would not always be boys. They would grow up into men, because the boys of to-day made the men of to-morrow, and upon the men of to-morrow the fair fame of their glorious native land depended.

"If this goes on, my beloved 'earers, it will be my painful duty to rot this bargee." Stalky drew a long breath through his nose.

"Can't do that," said McTurk. "He ain't chargin' anything for his Romeo."

And so they ought to think of the duties and responsibilities of the life that was opening before them. Life was not all—he enumerated a few games, and, that nothing might be lacking to the sweep and impact of his fall, added "marbles." "Yes, life was not," he said, "all marbles."

There was one tense gasp—among the juniors almost a shriek—of quivering horror. He was a heathen—an outcast—beyond the extremest pale of toleration—self-damned before all men. Stalky bowed his head in his hands. McTurk, with a bright and cheerful eye, drank in every word, and Beetle nodded solemn approval.

Some of them, doubtless, expected in a few years to have the honor of a commission from the Queen, and to wear a sword. Now, he himself had had some experience of these duties, as a Major in a volunteer regiment, and he was glad to learn that they had established a volunteer corps in their midst. The establishment of such an establishment showed a proper and healthy spirit, which, if fostered, would be of great benefit to the land they loved and were so proud to belong to. Some of those now present expected, he had no doubt—some of them anxiously looked forward to leading their men against the bullets of England's foes, to confront the stricken field in all the pride of their youthful manhood.

Now the reserve of a boy is tenfold deeper

than the reserve of a maid, she being made for one end only by blind Nature, but man for several. With a large and healthy hand, he tore down these veils, and trampled them under the well-intentioned feet of eloquence. In a raucous voice, he cried aloud little matters, like the hope of Honor and the dream of Glory, that boys do not discuss even with their most intimate equals, cheerfully assuming that, till he spoke, they had never considered these possibilities. He pointed them to shining goals, with fingers which smudged out all radiance on all horizons. He profaned the most secret and sacred places of their souls with outcries and gesticulations. He bade them consider the deeds of their ancestors in such a fashion that they were flushed to their tingling ears. Some of them—the rending voice cut a frozen stillness—might have had relatives who perished in defence of their country. They thought, not a few of them, of an old sword in a passage, or above a breakfast-room table, seen and fingered by stealth since they could walk. He adjured them to emulate those illustrious examples; and they looked all ways in their extreme discomfort.

Their years forbade them even to shape their thoughts clearly to themselves. They felt savagely that they were being outraged by a fat man who considered marbles a game.

And so he worked towards his peroration —which, by the way, he used later with overwhelming success at a meeting of electors—while they sat, flushed and uneasy, in sour disgust. After many, many words, he reached for the cloth-wrapped stick and thrust one hand in his bosom. This—this was the concrete symbol of their land—worthy of all honor and reverence! Let no boy look on this flag who did not purpose to worthily add to its imperishable lustre. He shook it before them—a large calico Union Jack, staring in all three colors, and waited for the thunder of applause that should crown his effort.

They looked in silence. They had certainly seen the thing before—down at the coast-guard station, or through a telescope, half-mast high when a brig went ashore on Braunton sands; above the roof of the Golf Club, and in Keyte's window, where a certain kind of striped sweetmeat bore it in paper on each box. But the College never displayed it; it was no part of the scheme of their lives; the Head had never alluded to it; their fathers had not declared it unto them. It was a matter shut up, sacred and apart. What, in the name of everything caddish, was he driving at, who waved that horror before their eyes? Happy thought! Perhaps he was drunk.

The Head saved the situation by rising swiftly to propose a vote of thanks, and at his first motion, the school clapped furiously, from a sense of relief.

"And I am sure," he concluded, the gaslight full on his face, "that you will all join me in a very hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Raymond Martin for the most enjoyable address he has given us."

To this day we shall never know the rights of the case. The Head vows that he did no such thing; or that, if he did, it must have been something in his eye; but those who were present are persuaded that he winked, once, openly and solemnly, after the word "enjoyable." Mr. Raymond Martin got his applause full tale. As he said, "Without vanity, I think my few words went to their hearts. I never knew boys could cheer like that."

He left as the prayer-bell rang, and the boys lined up against the wall. The flag lay still unrolled on the desk, Foxy regarding it with pride, for he had been touched to the quick by Mr. Martin's eloquence. The Head and the Common-room, standing back on the dais, could not see the glaring offense, but a prefect left the line, rolled it up swiftly, and as swiftly tossed it into a glove and foil locker.

Then, as though he had touched a spring, broke out the low murmur of content, changing to quick-volleyed hand-clapping.

They discussed the speech in the dormitories. There was not one dissentient voice. Mr. Raymond Martin, beyond question, was born in a gutter, and bred in a board-school, where they played marbles. He was further (I give the barest handful from great store) a Flopshus Cad, an Outrageous Stinker, a Jelly-bellied Flag-flapper (this was Stalky's contribution), and several other things which it is not seemly to put down.

The volunteer cadet-corps fell in next Monday, depressedly, with a face of shame. Even then, judicious silence might have turned the corner.

Said Foxy: "After a fine speech like what you 'eard night before last, you ought to take 'old of your drill with *re*-newed activity. I don't see how you can avoid comin' out an' marchin' in the open now."

"Can't we get out of it, then, Foxy?" Stalky's fine old silky tone should have warned him.

"No, not with his giving the flag so generously. He told me before he left this morning that there was no objection to the corps usin' it as their own. It's a handsome flag."

Stalky returned his rifle to the rack in dead silence, and fell out. His example was followed by Hogan and Ansell.

Perowne hesitated. "Look here, oughtn't we——?" he began.

"I'll get it out of the locker in a minute," said the Sergeant, his back turned. "Then we can——"

"Come *on*," shouted Stalky. "What the devil are you waiting for? Dismiss! Break off."

"Why—what the—where the——?"

The rattle of Sniders, slammed into the rack, drowned his voice, as boy after boy fell out.

"I—I don't know that I shan't have to report this to the Head," he stammered.

"Report, then, and be damned to you," cried Stalky, white to the lips, and ran out.

. . . . . .

"Rummy thing!" said Beetle to McTurk. "I was in the study, doin' a simply lovely poem about the Jelly-Bellied Flag-Flapper, an' Stalky came in, an' I said 'Hullo!' an' he cursed me like a bargee, and then he began to blub like anything. Shoved his head on the table and howled. Hadn't we better do something?"

McTurk was troubled. "P'raps he's smashed himself up somehow."

They found him, with very bright eyes, whistling between his teeth.

"Did I take you in, Beetle? I thought I would. Wasn't it a good draw? Didn't you think I was blubbin'? Didn't I do it well? Oh, you fat old ass!" And he began to pull Beetle's ears and cheeks, in the fashion that was called "milking."

"I knew you were blubbin'," Beetle replied, composedly. "Why aren't you at drill?"

"Drill! What drill?"

"Don't try to be a clever fool. Drill in the Gym."

"'Cause there isn't any. The volunteer cadet-corps is broke up—disbanded—dead—putrid—corrupt—stinkin'. An' if you look at me like that, Beetle, I'll slay you too. . . . Oh, yes, an' I'm goin' to be reported to the Head for swearin'."

The seventh story in this series will appear in the June Number.—EDITOR.

"THE MAN WITH THE HOE."

Written after seeing Millet's world-famous painting, now in San Francisco.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

God made man in His own image, in the image of God made He him.—GENESIS.

BOWED by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within his brain?

Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

From the painting by Jean François Millet. By permission of Braun, Clement & Co.

Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries?

This poem was first published in the San Francisco "Examiner" of January 8, 1899. It is republished here by the special permission of the author.—EDITOR.

TWO WAIFS OF THE RAIL.

By John A. Hill,

Author of "The Polar Zone," "Jim Wainright's Kid," and other stories.

SOMETIME toward the close of the War there was a bright-faced boy in our Old Man's office, known then only as "Cy." He was, perhaps, thirteen or fourteen years old; mostly legs and freckles, as New England boys of that age are prone to be, but bright, sharp, and attentive to business. He was a boy you'd like in a minute; but he had the engine fever worse than most of them have it—and even symptoms are bad enough. He hounded me for two years about getting him on to fire; he struck the Old Man regularly twice a week for an opportunity to fire or wipe, and he spent all his leisure time at the round-house.

One morning, some time later, I went down to take the "Esmeralda" out, and noticed on the bulletin this legend: "Train 12, engine 77; engineer, Alexander; fireman, Thompson."

"Thompson? Thompson?" said I, half to myself. "What fireman is that?"

"Cy Thompson, used to be call-boy," said the foreman. "Why, you know 'Cy' Thompson."

So you see at last Cy started out on his career under the guidance of the greatest water-boiler and train-jerker on earth—myself. He was soon changed off to a regular freight, and became one of our best firemen.

The people of the town had a great respect for Cy. His father—a lawyer—had been killed at Shiloh, and Cy supported his widowed mother until her death, which occurred shortly after he went firing. He was cleanly, orderly, studious, and a pleasant fellow to have around. He used to go out in society some, and when he went, it was always in the best circles. First he took one girl, then another, once in a while being seen with the daughter of our general manager—but he seemed to have no regular "steady company."

As near as I can remember, it was in 1872 or 1873 that Cy was promoted. He attended strictly to business, and inside of six months he had the reputation of being the best freight man on the road. The officers were pleased, his companions on the road liked him, and he ought to have been more or less satisfied with himself, but he wa'n't. All at once there came a great change in him. I noticed it first when he began to run his engine into town without taking off his overclothes. Then he got to loafing about the round-house half the time, puttering over his engine, telling stories or reading. He would come in and stay at the house for hours before he would wash up; and the water line advanced steadily from his shoulders to his ears, and finally he washed only around his mouth, except on Sundays. He bought cheap, ill-fitting clothes that were always ripped, or had buttons off, or wrinkled across the back. He ate his lunch up the road one day without washing his hands, and his fireman said he was as bad as a pig; he did so again, and some one else said he was a hog; and I never knew how it all came about, but it wasn't long before we were all calling him "Hogskin" Thompson, and I do not know but what he deserved it.

Hogskin Thompson never lost his reputation as a good runner; he made his engine his home and his idol; she was the cleanest and best in the service. But he was kept off a passenger run when his turn came, on account of his personal habits. He saved money; but pshaw, any one can save money that gets a man's wages and lives like a hog.

During the Centennial, Hogskin's only sister came home from the West, bringing a little son three or four years old. Hogskin laid off three or four weeks to entertain her, washed clear down to the skin, and bought himself a decent suit of clothes. But I don't believe he took his sister anywhere; he devoted himself to that boy—bought him clothes, whole suits, took him everywhere a boy would want to go, and loaded him down with playthings. But just as soon as the sister went home he relapsed into his old habits.

I saw that the defenseless side of Hogskin's fortress was the children's side; if he was to be recalled from associating with himself alone it would be through his love

for little children. Women he had absolutely ignored since he had changed his name from Cy to Hogskin. I invited him up to my house once, and he came and played all evening on the floor with the children, and seemed to enjoy it; but he wouldn't come again. When Fred had the scarlet fever, Hogskin asked after him every day, and sent him fruit and flowers and sweetmeats; and years afterward I found out that he had done the same when any child was sick that he knew of. He bought many a pair of little shoes, filled many a little stomach, and many a poor mother had cause to feel sorry when Hogskin Thompson was banished from New England. But, bless you, I never heard of his good deeds until after he had gone.

". . . WITH THE DAUGHTER OF OUR GENERAL MANAGER."

The strike of 1877 sent a good many of us out West, but Hogskin Thompson was one of the first to leave for "parts unknown." He came up to bid me good-by, and I walked down to the depot with him, and going down there he told me the cause of his great change. He had loved the daughter of our Old Man—the general manager—and, when he was promoted and proved himself a good engineer, had considered he was worthy of her, as good as she, as clean and pure, as well educated, and as well born, and had told her so, asking her to marry him. She thought well of him; but her father, who had become rich, pooh-poohed the whole idea, and talked the foolish girl into the belief that she was made of a superior sort of brick-dust, and she declined him. If he had tried the bold-knight-not-to-be-baffled-or-fooled-with plan, the girl would have broken her father's law, and I doubt not her own neck, to have gotten him; but he went off in a half-morose, half-mad pet, and kept up his don't-care mien, and failed to wash his neck, and answered to the name of Hogskin, till I rather guess the girl was glad she didn't get him.

Hogskin Thompson passed out of sight and out of mind. Our boys were scattered far and near, and of course the fellows that took our mills did not know Hogskin. As for me, I thought of him once in a while for a year or two, and inquired for him when I met some of the old gang; but I don't believe I had thought of him for ten straight years when one day I met him face to face in the streets of Boston. He didn't look much like the Hogskin Thompson who was exiled after the strike, but I knew him just the same. He wore a plug hat and a good suit of clothes, had a clean stand-up collar, patent-leather shoes, side whiskers, and that same old smile he wore when he was Cy and

before he became Hogskin—I knew him by that smile. I stepped up, stuck out my hand, and said: "This is Mr. Thompson, I believe, Mr. Cyrus Thompson?"

He wrapped my hand up in his, looked me in the eye, and said: "Hogskin Thompson, sure enough; but bless me if you don't stick me. But keep still, let me see; can't be Alexander—old John Alexander? Well, well! How are you, old man?"

He pulled my hand through his elbow, and we started off down the street like a pair of boys. He asked me about eleven hundred questions, and I had got in a little over a thousand on him when we brought up at the door of Young's Hotel. Nothing would do but that I must go in and lunch with him; so in I went.

We went up to the parlor, and before my eyes had got used to the light, in rushed about as handsome a young lady as you'd wish to look at, threw her arms around Thompson's neck, and called him a dear old papa, and wanted to know where in the world he had been. That girl was born long before 1877, if I was any judge, and I was just trying to get it straight when in came another, in age perhaps seven, a little dream of loveliness, and she had hugs for "papa" too. Cy saw my perplexity, and winking at me gravely, he formally introduced each as his daughter, and we went to lunch.

". . . ASSOCIATING WITH HIMSELF ALONE . . ."

Thompson and his girls went home with me that afternoon. The girls captured the heart of my wife on sight, and inside of fifteen minutes owned the place and had taken possession.

That night, sitting in the room I call my "den," Thompson and I mingled the smoke of our cheroots, and went over our lives since 1877. After the young people had gone to bed and the house was still, Mrs. A., woman-fashion, came in with her crochet work and sat down to listen, until there was a lull in the conversation, when she put in her oar.

"I felt so sorry for your little girl to-night, Mr. Thompson," said she. "She and our Bess were playing with their dolls, and she said, 'I just wish I had a mamma like you has; I ain't got a mamma at all, and I do want one *so* bad. Papa says my mamma got lost, but she will turn up all right one of these days; but I *do* want one just awfully awful, so I do.'"

Thompson laid his cigar on the window-sill, crossed his legs, clasped his hands over his knee, and said: "I guess I'll have to tell you where and how I got those girls, but say nothing to them—they are happy as they are.

"When I left here in 1877, I went to New York, where I looked around for a few days, and then took steamer for New Orleans. I hunted work around there for some time, but gradually worked my way West to Texas, where I finally struck a job. It was not much of a road then, but it is now. I kept the job, however, as I had learned from experience that jobs were far from being plentiful. They gave me an old engine that was in pretty bad shape, and as there was no shop on the road worth the name, I concluded to put the old scrap in as good repair as possible myself.

"I worked nights and Sundays facing valves, pening out the packing, filing brasses,

etc., etc., until the old Roger was the best engine on the road. In order to do this I spent much of my time in my overclothes and at the engine, and am afraid that I was about as untidy as ever, for it wasn't long before they were calling me 'Hogskin' Thompson again. I don't know where they got the name; I suppose I must have given it away myself.

"My run was over a desolate part of the country, good enough for grazing, perhaps, but not much else. Houses were few and far between, and towns still scarcer. Away out on the middle of the division there was a family living in a hut originally built by the graders on the road. This family had apparently squatted here and occupied the cabin; and they had attempted, in a half-hearted way, to cultivate a little strip of land along a creek bottom. There was an old wagon, with the bows for cover still up, standing near; one horse usually ambled around with his forefeet hobbled, and a half-starved cow was often seen tied to a wheel of the wagon. Everything in the surroundings betokened abject poverty.

"The man was a typical 'mover' from the Southern States. He could be seen, as a usual thing, sitting on the sod-banking, on the shady side of the house, idly whipping the ground with a stick, or smoking his cob pipe and gazing at the horizon, with his brain absolutely at rest. He was laziness personified. The woman's form was often to be seen in the little garden, but her back was always turned, and a sun-bonnet forever covered up her head. The liveliest creature around there was a little girl, five or six years old. She always stood bare-headed and open-eyed beside the track when we went by. I noticed that she had made little houses and yards by sticking up twigs in the ground, and had made animals of cobs, with legs of twigs. One day I bought a nice dressed doll, put it in a box, and threw it to her. When I went back she had it in her arms, and smiled at me—we were acquainted. I got her shoes, stockings, hat, and many other things, and threw them to her, and she wore them. I used to whistle for her as we came in sight, and, rain or shine, she was out to see me, and the doll was always clasped to her little breast, dirtier each time, but always there.

"'. . . SMILED AT ME—WE WERE ACQUAINTED.'"

"The woman was not to be seen the next spring for some time. So one day I slowed down and asked the little lady where her ma was; she answered simply, 'Sick.' Coming back the next day, I stole a large piece of ice from an empty refrigerator car, and threw it off, and did so every trip for a week or two. But one day my little friend stood in the door of the hut weeping as if her heart would break, and the Cracker stood outside with his hat off, in an awed manner, that told me at once that the mother had gone to her long home. I stopped, consulted my watch, and found that we could stay there an hour if necessary; then I went over to the Cracker. The little girl came running to me, laid her little head on my shoulder, and after sobbing a long time, told me that her dear mamma was dead and 'all cold.' The Cracker moved up, and said: 'Yes, sir, she is dead.'

"'How long ago?' I asked.

"'Yesterday.'

"'Any neighbors?'

"'No.'

"'What can we do for you?'

"'She left some writin', sir.'

"I took off my greasy cap, and stepped inside the cabin. It was bare enough, but clean. On the poor bed lay the wasted form of a once beautiful woman—once the picture of Lottie—she had evidently died of consumption. The Cracker took up a copy of the Book of Mormon, turned to the fly-leaf in the back, and handed it to me, saying: 'I don't read.'

"'I WENT OVER TO THE CRACKER. THE LITTLE GIRL LAID HER . . . HEAD ON MY SHOULDER.'"

"I took it, and in faint pencil lines, but in handsome script, I read: 'Bury me under the cottonwood by the brook. I am twenty-eight years of age. Lottie was born at Salt Lake, Utah, June 4, 1873. I was the third wife. Her true name is Lottie M——.'

"That was all; even the name was carried away by the dead; the writing bore evidence of having been done a little at a time, probably after the sufferer got too weak to hold the pencil.

"Our crew dug a grave by the tree near the cabin, and wrapping the sheet around the wasted form, we laid it in the shallow opening and covered it over, the little girl weeping, and the father standing idly by with a troubled look on his face. He said that they had plenty in the house, and that he would pick up his traps and move into town at once, where I promised to find him and help him get work and put the little one in school.

"Our time was short now, so we hurried away; and I shall never forget the weeping little figure that stood outside the cabin, holding her doll, and watching us out of sight. The next day, going back, I noted that the cabin was deserted and the wagon gone, and ten miles further on I passed the outfit: the one old horse hitched to the double wagon, the pole strapped up to his side, the weather-beaten cow limping along behind, and the Cracker sitting on the corner of the wagon-box, his feet on the whiffletree and his cob pipe between his teeth. He did not look up as we passed—perhaps he was thinking. We did not see the little girl.

"I went out the next night on a coal train, and ten miles the *other side* of the deserted cabin I saw something ahead, between the rails, that looked like a coyote or a dog, going from us. When we got within a hundred feet or so, it stepped out of the way, and turned, and looked toward the engine—it was my little girl. Clasped in her arms was her precious doll, and in a little paper sack she had some corn bread and a few childish trifles, as I afterward found. I called for brakes, left the engine with the fireman, and jumped off opposite her. She was overjoyed to see me, and said she was going home to my house to stay. I took her into the cab, and at the first stop turned her loose in my lunch-pail—she was ravenous.

"I learned from her that she had followed my train away from the house two days before. She said that man wasn't her own papa, and she was afraid of him, and he wasn't good to her. When we got to the other end of the road, the Cracker was there, and saw Lottie, and said he 'knowed she

would go on the track' till she met me, and that he 'didn't spend any time hunting for her.'

"He sold his outfit, got half drunk the next day, and came and wanted me to give him fifty dollars for his share in the girl. I told him I would give him the money if he would get sober and tell me all he knew about Lottie and her mother. He said he would do it, but that I would find it a greater and wickeder story than I had ever read of in a book. I arranged that he should meet me the next morning and tell me the story.

"That evening I made arrangements with two sisters who kept a boarding-school to take the girl until she was fifteen years of age. Coming through the yard, on my way back to my boarding-house, I saw a lot of lanterns and a crowd around one of the switch-engines. I went over to see what was the matter, and found that they had run over and mangled a man. I held a lantern down to the upturned face—it was my Cracker. Lottie's story was sealed up, and the key cast into the unknown ocean of eternity.

"I at once adopted her legally, filled out the name her mother had written in the book to Lottie M. Thompson, and she has now forgotten that she ever was anything else. Her influence made a man of me again. I braced up, changed my appearance, and came back from Hogskin to Cy, and was happy, devoting my time and attention between runs to my new daughter."

"'I HELD A LANTERN DOWN TO THE UPTURNED FACE—IT WAS MY CRACKER.'"

Thompson picked up his cigar, lit it, and leaned back in his chair to watch the smoke curl toward the ceiling. Mrs. A. wiped her eye on a corner of her apron, and I kept still.

"Whatever became of old man Hodges, John?" asked Thompson, by way of changing the subject. Hodges was our old general manager.

"Dead this five years," said I.

"Died pretty poor, too," spoke up Mrs. A. "Lost money every move he made, late years; lost his wife, then the old homestead, and then his position; he was keeping books before he died. His daughter Clara supported him toward the last."

"Whom did she marry?" asked Thompson.

"Nobody, never married; and it's a shame, too [that sounds just like a woman];

Clara would have made some man a good wife; she's just as nice as she can be. She sews; why, she made this dress I have on; lives over at Newton, just opposite the depot. But, Mr. Thompson, you never told us where you got your little girl—the one you call Dolor—that's a curious name."

"I forgot that, Mrs. Alexander. Her story is shorter and more mysterious than Lottie's," said he. "Shortly after I found Lottie, my care of my Roger attracted the Old Man's attention, and he made me master-mechanic. I held this job a couple of years or more, and was then made superintendent. I held this position until six years ago this month, when our general manager died, and I was chosen to succeed him.

"Shortly after I took charge, we acquired control of some other lines, which placed in our hands quite a system, and I went over all the lines to inspect and report on them. I must be back at headquarters within a given time, and that called for my traveling all night and the next day. My engineer was worn out, and there was no one available to relieve him; so I agreed to run the engine over one division myself, letting the engineer sleep in the car.

"It was a dark night, but in nice weather, and we made very fast time; and I am ready to swear that I never took my eyes off the track for an instant and did not see an obstruction. After running fifty-six miles we stopped for water, and I started out to oil a little, remarking to the fireman that it seemed like old times. In going around the pilot I was horrified to find blood on the flag-staff on my side and a piece of torn black lace in a sliver on the pilot. In going back to the cab, my attention was caught by something white lying on the running-board, between the cab and the air-pump—it was a large wicker basket with a cover. I took it down carefully and opened it, and there, sleeping peacefully, with her thumb in her mouth, was a girl baby five or six months old. She was neatly dressed, and on a button of her little slip was a bit of paper on which was written the single word 'Dolores' —I call her 'Dolor.'

"'IT WAS A LARGE WICKER BASKET WITH A COVER.'"

"I side-tracked my special till daylight, and stopped all trains. Then we went back over that fifty-six miles of track, but there was nowhere any sign of an accident, and none has ever been reported. Whether we killed that child's mother that night, or whether the child was put on the running-board and left to its fate, I never knew. The presence of the paper with the child's name would indicate the latter. Certainly it must have been there a long time when found, for the meshes of the basket were full of cinders. I adopted her at once, and she is a little jewel, too. Romantic, wasn't it?" concluded Thompson, knocking the ashes off his vest.

Then Mrs. A. wiped her eyes, and went up to bed, saying good-night.

The next morning Thompson asked Mrs. A. to keep his girls for a day or two—which she was more than ready to do.

"Going to town with me, Thompson?" said I.

"No," said he; "I'm going to Newton."

LINCOLN AT McCLELLAN'S HEADQUARTERS, ANTIETAM, OCTOBER 3, 1862.

From a photograph loaned by Mr. C. M. Derickson, Mercer, Pa. After defeating Lee at Antietam on September 17th, McClellan had failed to follow up his advantage, alleging that his army lacked "everything" and needed rest. Lincoln then went to Antietam to study the situation for himself; and it was during this visit that the picture was taken. At Lincoln's right stands McClellan.

LINCOLN'S SEARCH FOR A MAN.

By Ida M. Tarbell,

Author of "The Early Life of Lincoln."

LINCOLN'S LONG PATIENCE WITH THE GENERALS WHO TRIED AND FAILED.—HIS CAREFUL STUDY OF MOVEMENTS AND MEN.—THE FINDING OF GRANT.

THE most anxious task of Abraham Lincoln's Presidential life was finding a man to put at the head of the armies of the United States whom he could trust to keep his nerve in defeat and his poise after victory, to push always forward, doing his best with the materials given him. For lack of such a man, the President, during nearly three years of the war, gave his personal attention to a thousand military details of which he had known nothing before; and he made decisions on multitudes of questions for which he felt himself unfit. Conscious of his ignorance, and anxious to avoid errors, he exhausted every source of information on the army and its movements. Secretary Stanton himself did not watch the army more closely than did President Lincoln. Indeed, of the three rooms occupied by the military telegraph office at the War Department, one was called the "President's room," so much time did he spend there. During a part of the war, this

room was occupied by Mr. A. B. Chandler, now the President of the Postal Telegraph Union.

"I was alone in this room," says Mr. Chandler,* "and as few people came there to see me, Mr. Lincoln could be alone. He used to say, 'I come here to escape my persecutors. Many people call and say they want to see me for only a minute. That means, if I can hear their story and grant their request in a minute, it will be enough.' My desk was a large one with a flat top, and intended to be occupied on both sides. Mr. Lincoln ordinarily took the chair opposite mine at this desk. Here he would read over the telegrams received for the several heads of departments, all of which came to this office. It was the practice to make three copies of all messages received, to whomsoever addressed. One of these was what we called a 'hard copy,' and was saved for the records of the War Department; two carbon copies were made by stylus, on yellow tissue paper, one for Mr. Lincoln and one for Mr. Stanton. Mr. Lincoln's copies were kept in what we called the 'President's drawer' of the 'cipher desk.' He would come in at any time of the night or day, and go at once to this drawer, and take out a file of the telegrams, and begin at the top to read them. His position in running over these telegrams was sometimes very curious. He had a habit of sitting frequently on the edge of his chair, with his right knee dragged down to the floor. I remember a curious expression of his when he got to the bottom of the new telegrams and began on those that he had read before. It was, 'Well, I guess I have got down to the raisins.' The first two or three times he said this he made no explanation, and I did not ask one. But one day, after the remark, he looked up under his eyebrows at me with a funny twinkle in his eyes, and said, 'I used to know a little girl out West who sometimes was inclined to eat too much. One day she ate a good many more raisins than she ought to, and followed them up with a quantity of other goodies. It made her very sick. After a time the raisins began to come. She gasped and looked at her mother, and said, "Well, I will be better now, I guess, for I have got down to the raisins."'

"Mr. Lincoln frequently wrote telegrams in my office. His method of composition was slow and laborious. It was evident that he thought out what he was going to say before he touched his pen to the paper. He would sit looking out of the window, his left elbow on the table, his hand scratching his temple, his lips moving, and frequently he spoke the sentence aloud or in a half whisper. After he was satisfied that he had the proper expression, he would write it out. If one examines the originals of Mr. Lincoln's telegrams and letters, he will find very few erasures and very little interlining. This was because he had them definitely in his mind before writing them. In this he was the exact opposite of Mr. Stanton, who wrote with feverish haste, often scratching out words, and interlining frequently. Sometimes he would seize a sheet which he had filled, and impatiently tear it into pieces."

LINCOLN'S VISITS TO THE ARMIES.

The President's constant difficulty was to obtain the exact information he wanted from the armies. Often the answers to his letters and telegrams asking information were so unsatisfactory that he went in person to fields within easy reach of Washington to see how things were going. His first important visit of this nature was made in May, 1862, when he and Stanton and Chase went to Norfolk on what the President referred to as "a campaign of our own." In July, 1862, after McClellan had retired from before Richmond to Harrison's Landing on the James River and was sending the most despairing reports to Washington, the President went down personally to examine the situation. Among his papers published by Nicolay and Hay* there is a memorandum of his interviews at this time with McClellan and his corps commanders, which shows how carefully he tried to inform himself. To each he had put the following questions:

What is the whole amount of your corps with you now?

What is the aggregate of your killed, wounded, and missing, from the attack on the 26th ultimo till now?

In your present encampment what is the present and prospective condition as to health?

Where and in what condition do you believe the enemy to be now?

If it were desired to get the army away, could it be safely effected?

Is the army secure in its present position?

He had written down carefully the answers to these questions, thus securing an analysis of the condition of the army and the opinion of the generals on the questions at that moment pressing.

One result of this visit to McClellan was to fix Lincoln's determination to have in Washington a general-in-chief of all the armies who could supplement his own meager knowledge of military matters, and who could aid him in forming judgments. He knew that in the campaign against Richmond which had ended so unsatisfactorily he had, at more than one critical moment, made decisions which were contrary to McClellan's plans. He knew that McClellan claimed that these decisions had caused his failure. He had acted to the best of his judgment in every case, but he undoubtedly felt the danger in a civilian's taking such a responsibility. He wanted a man at his side whom he believed was wiser than he in these matters. So far the war had brought out but one man who seemed to him at all fit for this work, Major-General H. W. Halleck, the commander of the Department of the Mississippi. On his return to Washington from his visit to McClellan, almost the first act of the President was to summon Halleck to Washington as General-in-Chief.

* Interview for McClure's Magazine, corrected by Mr. Chandler.

* Abraham Lincoln, Complete Works.

LINCOLN AT ANTIETAM.

One of the most momentous of Lincoln's military visits was that made to McClellan's army in October, 1862. In the interval between this visit and that to Harrison's Landing in July a series of dramatic events had occurred. Early in August, McClellan had been ordered to move his army from the James northward to Acquia Creek. He had struggled against the movement, believing he could, if reinforced, capture Richmond, and when forced to yield he had made the movement with delay and ill-humor. The withdrawal of McClellan freed Lee's army, and the Confederate general marched quickly northward against the Army of Virginia under General Pope. On August 30th, Lee defeated Pope in the second battle of Bull Run—a defeat scarcely less discouraging to the Federals than the first Bull Run had been, and one that caused almost as great a panic at Washington. Pope was defeated, the country generally believed, because McClellan, who was hardly twenty miles away, did not, in spite of orders, do anything to relieve him. It seemed to Lincoln that McClellan even wanted Pope to fail. The indignation of the Secretary of War and of the majority of the members of the cabinet was so great against McClellan that a protest against keeping him any longer in command of any force was written by Stanton and signed by three of his colleagues. Major A. E. H. Johnson, the private secretary of Stanton, first published this protest.* Mr. Johnson says that the President thought it unwise to publish the document that Mr. Stanton had prepared; but he consented that the following protest should be signed and handed to him as a substitute. The understanding of the cabinet members interested was that this revised protest should go to the country. Mr. Johnson believes that Mr. Lincoln himself wrote this protest; at all events, he is certain that the President consented to it.

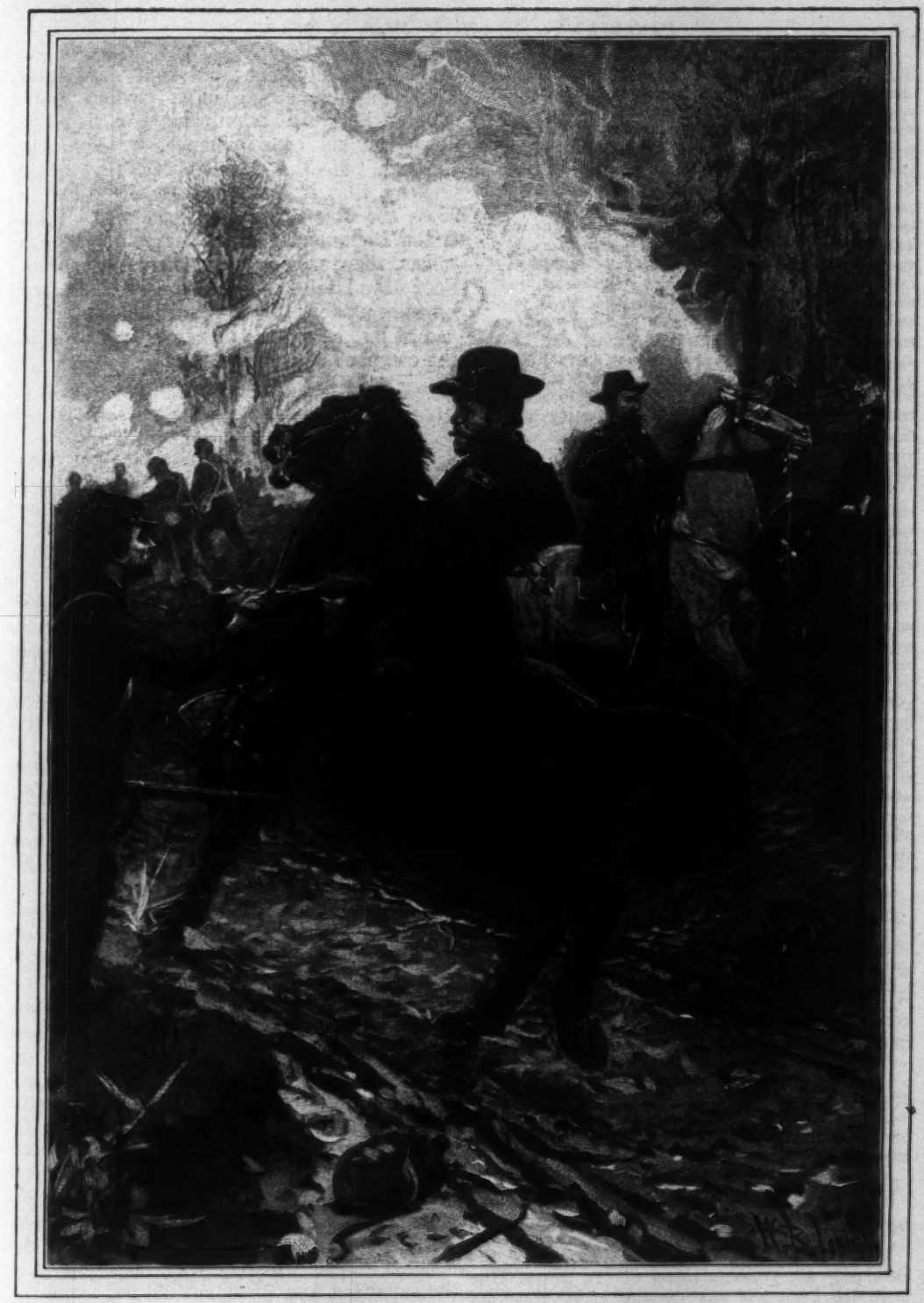
> The undersigned, who have been honored with your selection as part of your confidential advisers, deeply impressed with our great responsibility in the present crisis, do but perform a painful duty in declaring to you our deliberate opinion that at this time it is not safe to intrust to Major-General McClellan the command of any army of the United States. And we hold ourselves ready at any time to explain to you in detail the reasons upon which this opinion is based.

In spite of this evident sympathy of Lincoln with the indignation against McClellan, on September 2d he placed that general in command of all the troops around Washington. Probably no act of his ever angered the Secretary of War so thoroughly. A large part of the North, too, was indignant. A general cry went up to the President for a new leader.

Lincoln only showed again in this determined and bitterly criticised action his courage in acting in a crisis according to his own judgment. The army under Pope was demoralized. Washington was, perhaps, in danger. The defeat had robbed Pope of confidence. Halleck, worn out with fatigue and anxiety, was beseeching McClellan to come to his relief. There was no other general in the army who could, Lincoln believed, so quickly "lick the troops into shape," as he put it, and man the fortifications around the city. He made the order, and McClellan entirely justified the President's faith in him. He did put the army into form, and was able to follow at once after Lee, who was making for Maryland and Pennsylvania. Overtaking Lee at Antietam, north of the Potomac, McClellan defeated him on September 17th. But to Lincoln's utter despair, he failed to follow up his victory and allowed Lee to get back south of the Potomac River; nor would he follow him, in spite of Lincoln's reiterated urging. It was this failure to move McClellan's army from camp that sent Lincoln to visit him early in October. He would find out the actual condition of the army; see if, as McClellan complained, it lacked "everything" and needed rest. He found McClellan with over 100,000 men around him; two days of his visit he spent in the saddle reviewing this force. He visited the hospitals, talked with the men, interviewed the generals, saw everything. What his opinion of the ability of the army to do something was, is evident from an order sent McClellan the day after he returned to Washington: "The President directs that you cross the Potomac and give battle to the enemy or drive him south." This was on October 6th. A week later, McClellan being still in camp, Mr. Lincoln wrote him the following letter:

> EXECUTIVE MANSION,
> WASHINGTON, D. C., *October* 13, 1862.
>
> MAJOR-GENERAL MCCLELLAN.
>
> *My Dear Sir:* You remember my speaking to you of what I called your over-cautiousness. Are you not over-cautious when you assume that you cannot do what the enemy is constantly doing? Should you not claim to be at least his equal in prowess, and act upon the claim? As I understand, you telegraphed General

* The Washington "Evening Star," March 18, 1893.



GRANT AT FORT DONELSON, FEBRUARY 15, 1862.

On the right, in the picture, Generals McDowell and Lew Wallace appear as they are discussing the question of reinforcements for the Union right, which had just suffered severely from a sharp sally of the Confederate garrison; and General Grant is shown as, riding down the lines, "the muddiest man in the army," he called for some of the knapsacks from the Confederate dead, and on finding three days' rations in each, shrewdly inferred that the garrison were trying to escape. An immediate general assault was made, and next day (February 16th) the fort surrendered. This, with the capture of Fort Henry, which had been effected by Grant on February 6th, opened the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers to the Union forces; and marked Grant, almost in a day, as one of the most promising generals in all the armies.

Halleck that you cannot subsist your army at Winchester unless the railroad from Harper's Ferry to that point be put in working order. But the enemy does now subsist his army at Winchester, at a distance nearly twice as great from railroad transportation as you would have to do without the railroad last named. He now wagons from Culpeper Court House, which is just about twice as far as you would have to do from Harper's Ferry. He is certainly not more than half as well provided with wagons as you are. I certainly should be pleased for you to have the advantage of the railroad from Harper's Ferry to Winchester, but it wastes all the remainder of autumn to give it to you, and, in fact, ignores the question of time, which cannot and must not be ignored. Again, one of the standard maxims of war, as you know, is to "operate upon the enemy's communications as much as possible without exposing your own." You seem to act as if this applies against you, but cannot apply in your favor. Change positions with the enemy, and think you not he would break your communication with Richmond within the next twenty-four hours? . . .

If he should move northward, I would follow him closely, holding his communications. If he should prevent our seizing his communications, and move toward Richmond, I would press closely to him, fight him, if a favorable opportunity should present, and at least try to beat him to Richmond on the inside track. I say "try"; if we never try, we shall never succeed. If he makes a stand at Winchester, moving neither north nor south, I would fight him there, on the idea that if we cannot beat him when he bears the wastage of coming to us, we never can when we bear the wastage of going to him. This proposition is a simple truth, and is too important to be lost sight of for a moment. In coming to us he tenders us an advantage which we should not waive. We should not so operate as to merely drive him away. As we must beat him somewhere or fail finally, we can do it, if at all, easier near to us than far away. If we cannot beat the enemy where he now is, we never can, he again being within the intrenchments of Richmond. . . .

This patient, sensible letter had no effect on McClellan. Now, forbearing as Lincoln was as a rule, he could lose his patience in a way which it does one good to see. He lost it a few days later, when McClellan gave as a reason for inaction that his cavalry horses had sore tongues.

"I have just read your despatch about sore-tongued and fatigued horses," Lincoln telegraphed. "Will you pardon me for asking what the horses of your army have done since the battle of Antietam that fatigues anything?"

Yet even for this telegram he half apologized two days later:

Most certainly I intend no injustice to any, and if I have done any I deeply regret it. To be told, after more than five weeks' total inaction of the army, and during which period we have sent to the army every fresh horse we possibly could, amounting in the whole to 7,918, that the cavalry horses were too much fatigued to move, presents a very cheerless, almost hopeless, prospect for the future, and it may have forced something of impatience in my despatch.

On the first day of November, McClellan crossed the Potomac; but four days later the President, acting on a curious, half-superstitious ultimatum which he had laid down for his own guidance, removed the General. He had decided, Mr. Hay heard him say, that if McClellan permitted Lee to cross the Blue Ridge and place himself between Richmond and the Army of the Potomac, there would be a change in generals. Four days later Lee did this very thing, and Lincoln, unmoved by the fact that McClellan had at last begun the movement south, kept the compact with himself.

TRYING A NEW MAN.

But who should be asked to take the command of the army? There was no man whose achievements made him preëminent—no one whom the country demanded as it had Frémont and McClellan. The choice necessarily was confined to the corps commanders of the Army of the Potomac, and General Burnside was ordered to relieve McClellan. Lincoln had been watching Burnside closely for many months. Indeed, he had already twice asked him to take the command, but Burnside, believing in McClellan and mistrusting his own fitness, had refused.

With an anxious heart the President watched the new commander as he followed Lee into Virginia and took a position north of the Rappahannock, facing Lee, who was now at Fredericksburg, on the south of the river. Burnside at once made ready for battle, beginning his movement on December 9th. During the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th, the President studied intently the yellow-tissue telegrams in his drawer at the telegraph office, telling where troops were crossing the river and what positions had been gained. At half-past four o'clock on the morning of the 14th, a message was received saying that the troops were all over the river—"loss, 5,000." This meant that the final struggle was at hand. About eight o'clock that morning, Mr. Lincoln appeared at the telegraph office of the War Department in dressing-gown and carpet slippers. Mr. Rosewater, the present editor of the Omaha "Bee," was receiving messages, and he says that the President did not leave the room until night. Secretary Stanton, Major Eckert, and Captain Fox were the only other persons present, as he remembers. The excitement and suspense were too great for any one to eat, and it was not until evening that the Secretary sent out for food for the watchers. All day the 15th the anxiety

lasted; then, at a quarter past four o'clock on the morning of the 16th, came news of a retreat. "I have thought it necessary," telegraphed Burnside from the north of the Rappahannock, "to withdraw the army to this side of the river." Slowly the dreadful returns came in—over 10,000 men dead and wounded, 2,000 more missing.

Lincoln's faith in Burnside was sorely tried by the battle of Fredericksburg. Reports which soon came to him of the discouragement of the army, and the disaffection of the corps commanders, alarmed him still further, and he refused, without Halleck's consent, to allow Burnside to make a new movement which the latter had planned. But Halleck declined, at this critical moment, to accept the responsibilities of his position as General-in-Chief and to give a decision. Lincoln felt his desertion deeply.

"If in such a difficulty as this," he wrote Halleck, "you do not help, you fail me precisely in the point for which I sought your assistance. You know what General Burnside's plan is, and it is my wish that you go with him to the ground, examine it as far as practicable, confer with the officers, getting their judgment and ascertaining their temper—in a word, gather all the elements for forming a judgment of your own, and then tell General Burnside that you do approve or that you do not approve his plan. Your military skill is useless to me if you will not do this."

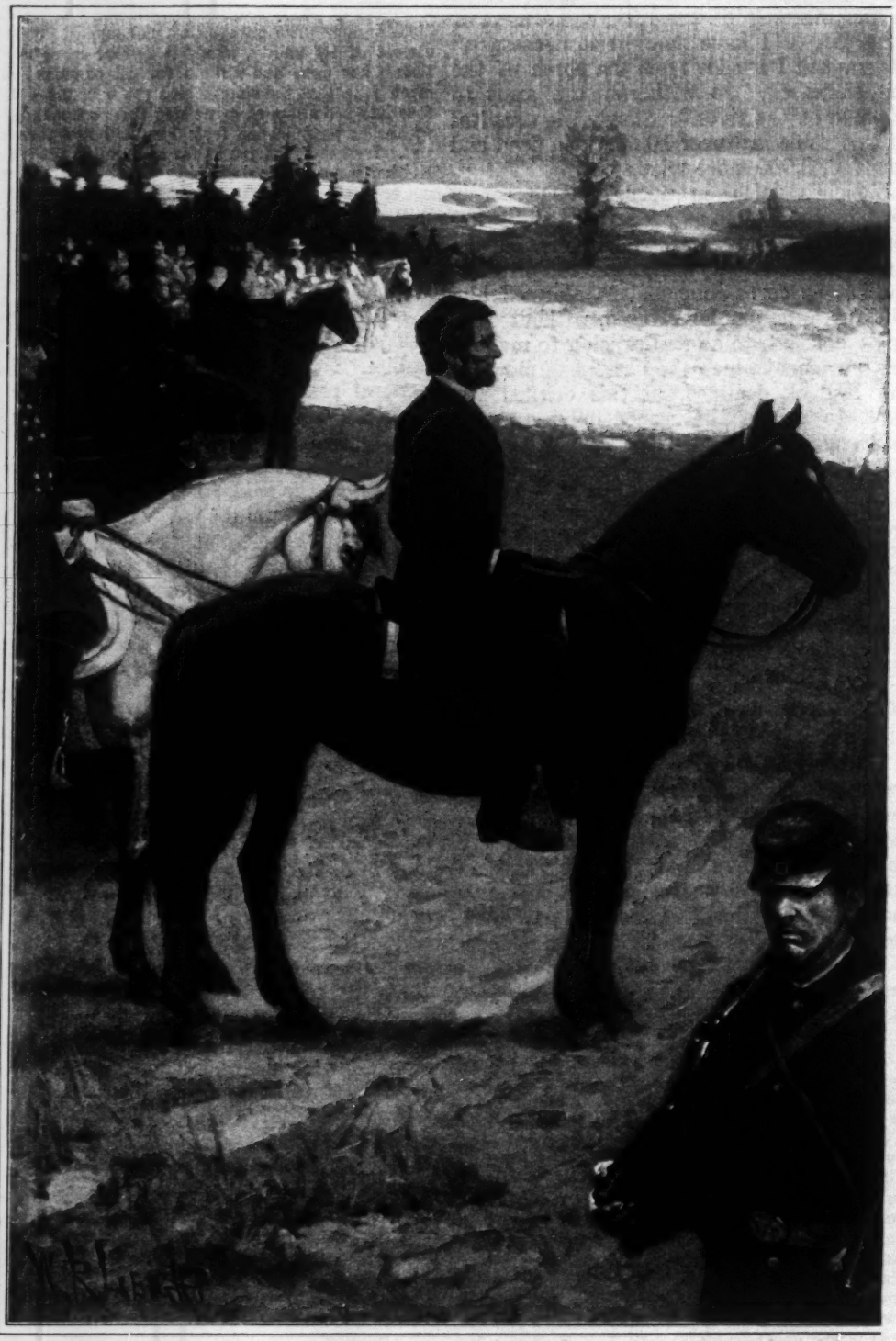
The passing weeks only added to the disorganization of the Army of the Potomac, and on January 25th the President ordered General Joseph Hooker to relieve General Burnside. Stanton and Halleck were not satisfied with the selection. They wanted the next experiment tried on a Western general who was promising well, General W. S. Rosecrans. That Lincoln himself saw danger in the appointment is evident from the letter he wrote to General Hooker:

General: I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appear to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier, which of course I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable if not an indispensable quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country, and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it; and now beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories. Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

Hooker had a manly heart, and the President's words appealed to the best that was in him. Noah Brooks tells how he heard the General read the letter soon after its receipt. "He finished reading it," writes Mr. Brooks, "almost with tears in his eyes; and as he folded it and put it back in the breast of his coat, he said, 'That is just such a letter as a father might write to a son. It is a beautiful letter, and although I think he was harder on me than I deserved, I will say that I love the man who wrote it.'"

By the first of April, the Army of the Potomac had been put into splendid form by General Hooker. An advance against the enemy, still entrenched at Fredericksburg, where Burnside had engaged him, was contemplated, but prior to the battle a grand review of the troops before the President was planned. It was on Saturday, April 4th, that Lincoln left Washington, by a river steamer, for Hooker's headquarters at Falmouth, Virginia. A great snow-storm began that night, and it was with serious delay and discomfort that the review was conducted. Difficult as it was, the President was indefatigable in his efforts to see all the army, to talk with every officer, to shake hands with as many men as possible. A strange foreboding seemed to possess him. Hooker's confident assurance, "I am going straight to Richmond, if I live," filled him with dread. "It's about the worst thing I have seen since I have been down here," he told Noah Brooks, who was one of the party. When he watched the splendid column of that vast army of a hundred thousand, there was no rejoicing in his face. The defeats of two years, the angry clamor of an unhappy North, the dead of a dozen battlefields, seemed written there instead. So haggard was his countenance that even the men in the line noticed it. Ira Seymour Dodd, in one of his graphic Civil War stories, has described this very review, and he tells how he and his comrades were almost awe-



GRAND REVIEW OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN, AT FALMOUTH, VA., IN APRIL, 1863. GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER HAD NOW BEEN IN COMMAND OF THIS ARMY SINCE JANUARY 25, 1863, AND HAD BROUGHT IT INTO "SPLENDID FORM."

stricken by the glimpse they caught of the President's face:

As we neared the reviewing-stand, the tall figure of Lincoln loomed up. He was on horseback, and his severely plain, black citizen's dress set him in bold relief against the crowd of generals in full uniform grouped behind him. Distinguished men were among them; but we had no eyes save for our revered President, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, the brother of every soldier, the great leader of a nation in its hour of trial. There was no time save for a marching salute; the occasion called for no cheers. Self-examination, not glorification, had brought the army and its chief together. But we passed close to him, so that he could look into our faces and we into his.

None of us to our dying day can forget that countenance! From its presence we marched directly onward toward our camp, and as soon as "route step" was ordered and the men were free to talk, they spoke thus to each other: "Did you ever see such a look on any man's face?" "He is bearing the burdens of the nation." "It is an awful load; it is killing him." "Yes, that is so; he is not long for this world!"

Concentrated in that one great, strong yet tender face, the agony of the life or death struggle of the hour was revealed as we had never seen it before. With new understanding we knew why we were soldiers.

A day later Lincoln left the army, but before going he said to Hooker and his generals, "Gentlemen, in your next battle put in all your men." The next battle occurred on May 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th. Over 37,000 men were left out of the fight, and on May 5th the army again withdrew north of the Potomac. The news of the retreat reached the President soon after noon of May 6th.

"About three o'clock in the afternoon," says Noah Brooks, "the door opened, and Lincoln came into the room. I shall never forget that picture of despair. He held a telegram in his hand, and as he closed the door and came toward us, I mechanically noticed that his face, usually sallow, was ashen in hue. The paper on the wall behind him was of the tint known as 'French gray,' and even in that moment of sorrow and dread expectation I vaguely took in the thought that the complexion of the anguished President's visage was almost exactly like that of the wall. He gave me the telegram, and in a voice trembling with emotion, said, 'Read it—news from the army.' The despatch was from General Butterfield, Hooker's chief of staff, addressed to the War Department, and was to the effect that the army had been withdrawn from the south side of the Rappahannock, and was then 'safely encamped' in its former position. The appearance of the President, as I read aloud these fateful words, was piteous. Never, as long as I knew him, did he seem to be so broken up, so dispirited, and so ghostlike. Clasping his hands behind his back, he walked up and down the room, saying, 'My God, my God, what will the country say! What will the country say!'"

This consternation was soon mastered. Lincoln's almost superhuman faculty of putting disaster behind him and turning his whole force to the needs of the moment came to his aid. Ordering a steamer to be ready at the wharf, he summoned Halleck, and at four o'clock the two men were on their way to Hooker's headquarters. The next day, the President had the situation in hand, and was planning the next move of the Army of the Potomac.

The country could not rally so quickly from the blow of Chancellorsville. From every side came again the despairing cry, "Abraham Lincoln, give us a man!" But Lincoln had no man of whom he felt surer than he did of Hooker, and for two months longer he tried to sustain that General. A fundamental difficulty existed, however—what Lincoln called a "family quarrel"—an antagonism between Halleck and Hooker, which caused constant friction. Since the beginning of the war, Lincoln had been annoyed, his plans thwarted, the cause crippled, by the jealousies and animosities of men. So far as possible the President tried to keep out of these complications. "I have too many family controversies, so to speak, already on my hands, to voluntarily, or so long as I can avoid it, take up another," he wrote to General McClernand once. "You are now doing well—well for the country, and well for yourself—much better than you could possibly be if engaged in open war with General Halleck."

But his letters and telegrams show how, in spite of himself, he was continually running athwart somebody's prejudice or dislike. For example, take the following from the unpublished collection of the War Department:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *June* 28, 1862.

GOVERNOR O. P. MORTON, Indianapolis, Ind.:

Your despatch of to-day is just received. I have no recollection of either John R. Cravens or Cyrus M. Allen having been named to me for appointment under the tax law. The latter particularly has been my friend, and I am sorry to learn that he is not yours. No appointment has been or will be made by me for the purpose of stabbing you.

A. LINCOLN.

The trouble between Halleck and Hooker reached a climax at a critical moment. On June 3d, Lee had slipped from his position on the Rappahannock and started north. Hooker had followed him with great skill. Both armies were well north of the Potomac, and a battle was imminent when, on June 27th, angered by Halleck's refusal of a request, Hooker resigned.

During the days when Hooker was chasing Lee northward, the President had spent

much of his time in his room at the telegraph office. Mr. Chandler, who was on duty there, relates that one of his most constant inquiries was about the Fifth Corps, under General Meade. "Where's Meade?" "What's the Fifth Corps doing?" he was asking constantly. He had, no doubt, seen that he might be obliged to displace Hooker, and was observing the man whom he had in mind for the position. At all events, it was Meade whom he now ordered to take charge of the army.

The days following were ones of terrible suspense at Washington. The North, panic-stricken by the Southern invasion, was clamoring at the President for a hundred things. Among other demands was a strongly supported one for the recall of McClellan. Colonel A. K. McClure, of Philadelphia, who, among others, urged Lincoln to restore McClellan, says in a letter to the writer:

When Lee's army entered Pennsylvania in June, 1863, there was general consternation throughout the State. The Army of the Potomac was believed to be very much demoralized by the defeat of Chancellorsville, by want of confidence in Hooker as commander, and by the apprehension that any of the corps commanders, called suddenly to lead the army just on the eve of the greatest battle of the war, would not inspire the trust of the soldiers. The friends of General McClellan believed that he could best defend the State. He was admittedly the best organizer in our entire army, and preëminently equipped as a defensive officer, and they assumed that his restoration to the command would bring an immense Democratic support to the Administration.

Lincoln's view of the matter is fully shown in the following telegram, now published for the first time. It was sent in reply to one from Colonel McClure urging McClellan's appointment.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON CITY, *June* 30, 1863.

A. K. MCCLURE, Philadelphia:

Do we gain anything by opening one leak to stop another? Do we gain anything by quieting one clamor merely to open another, and probably a larger one?

A. LINCOLN.

Three days after his appointment, Meade met Lee at Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania, and after three days of hard fighting defeated him. During these three terrible days—the 1st, 2d, and 3d of July—Mr. Lincoln spent most of his time in the telegraph office.

"He read every telegram," says Mr. Chandler, "with the greatest eagerness, and frequently was so anxious that he would rise from his seat and come around and lean over my shoulder while I was translating the cipher. After the battle of Gettysburg, the President urged Meade to pursue Lee and engage him before he should cross the Potomac. His anxiety seemed as great as it had been during the battle itself, and now, as then, he walked up and down the floor, his face grave and anxious, wringing his hands and showing every sign of deep solicitude. As the telegrams came in, he traced the positions of the two armies on the map, and several times called me up to point out their location, seeming to feel the need of talking to some one. Finally, a telegram came from Meade saying that under such and such circumstances he would engage the enemy at such and such a time. 'Yes,' said the President bitterly, 'he will be ready to fight a magnificent battle when there is no enemy there to fight!'" *

Perhaps Lincoln never had a harder struggle to do what he thought to be just than he did after Meade allowed Lee to escape across the Potomac. He seems to have entertained a suspicion that the General *wanted* Lee to get away, for in a telegram to Simon Cameron, on July 15th, he says: "I would give much to be relieved of the impression that Meade, Couch, Smith, and all, since the battle at Gettysburg, have striven only to get Lee over the river without another fight." The day before, he wrote Meade a letter in which he put frankly all his discontent:

. . . . My dear General, I do not believe you appreciate the magnitude of the misfortune involved in Lee's escape. He was within your easy grasp, and to have closed upon him would, in connection with our other late successes, have ended the war. As it is, the war will be prolonged indefinitely. If you could not safely attack Lee last Monday, how can you possibly do so south of the river, when you can take with you very few more than two-thirds of the force you then had in hand? It would be unreasonable to expect, and I do not expect, you can now effect much. Your golden opportunity is gone, and I am distressed immeasurably because of it.

I beg you will not consider this a prosecution or persecution of yourself. As you had learned that I was dissatisfied, I have thought it best to kindly tell you why.†

He never sent the letter. Thinking it over, in his dispassionate way, he evidently concluded that it would not repair the misfortune and that it might dishearten the General. He smothered his regret, and went on patiently and loyally for many months in the support of his latest experiment.

LINCOLN FINDS HIS MAN.

But while in the East the President had been experimenting with men, in the West a man had been painfully and silently making himself. His name was Ulysses S.

* Interview for MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE, corrected by Mr. Chandler.

† Abraham Lincoln. A History. By Nicolay and Hay.

Grant. The President had known nothing of his coming into the army. No political party had demanded him; indeed he had found it difficult at first, West Point graduate though he was and great as the need of trained service was, to secure the lowest appointment. He had taken what he could get, however, and from the start he had always done promptly the thing asked of him. It was this habit of his of doing things that brought him at last, in the spring of 1862, to the command of a movement in which Lincoln was deeply interested. This was the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, near the mouth of the Tennessee River. "Our success or failure at Fort Donelson is vastly important, and I beg you to put your soul in the effort," Lincoln wrote on February 16th to Halleck and Buell, then in command of Missouri and Tennessee. While the President was writing his telegram, Grant, in front of Fort Donelson, was writing a note to the Confederate commander, who had asked for terms of capitulation: "No terms except unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately on your works." To the harassed President at Washington these words were like a war-cry. He had spent the winter in a vain effort to inspire his supposed great generals with the very spirit breathed in the words and deeds of this unknown officer in the West.

Grant was now made a major-general, and entrusted with larger things. He always brought about results; but in spite of this, the President saw there was much opposition to him. For a long period he was in partial disgrace; but Lincoln must have noticed that while many other generals, whose achievements were less than Grant's, complained loudly and incessantly at reprimands —"snubbing," the President called it—Grant said nothing. He stayed at his post doggedly, working his way inch by inch down the Mississippi.

Finally, in July, 1862, when General Halleck was called to Washington as General-in-Chief, Grant was put at the head of the armies of the West. There was much opposition to him. Men came to the President urging his removal. Lincoln shook his head. "I can't spare this man," he said; "he *fights*." Many good people complained that he drank. "Can you tell me the kind of whisky?" asked Lincoln. "I should like to send a barrel to some of my other generals."

Nevertheless, the President grew anxious as the months went on. The opening of the Mississippi was, after the capture of Richmond, the most important task of the war. The wrong man there was only second in harm to the wrong man on the Potomac. Was Grant a "wrong man"? Little could be told from his telegrams and letters. "General Grant is a copious worker and fighter," said Lincoln later, "but he is a very meager writer or telegrapher." Finally, the President and the Secretary of War sent for a brilliant and loyal newspaper man, Charles A. Dana, and asked him to go to Grant's army, "to act," said the President, "as the eyes of the Government at the front." His real mission was to find out for them what kind of a man Grant was. Dana's letters soon showed Lincoln that Grant was a general that nothing could turn from a purpose. That was enough for the President. He let him alone, and watched. When, finally, Vicksburg was captured, he wrote him the following letter—it may be called his first recognition of the General:

WASHINGTON, *July* 13, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL GRANT.

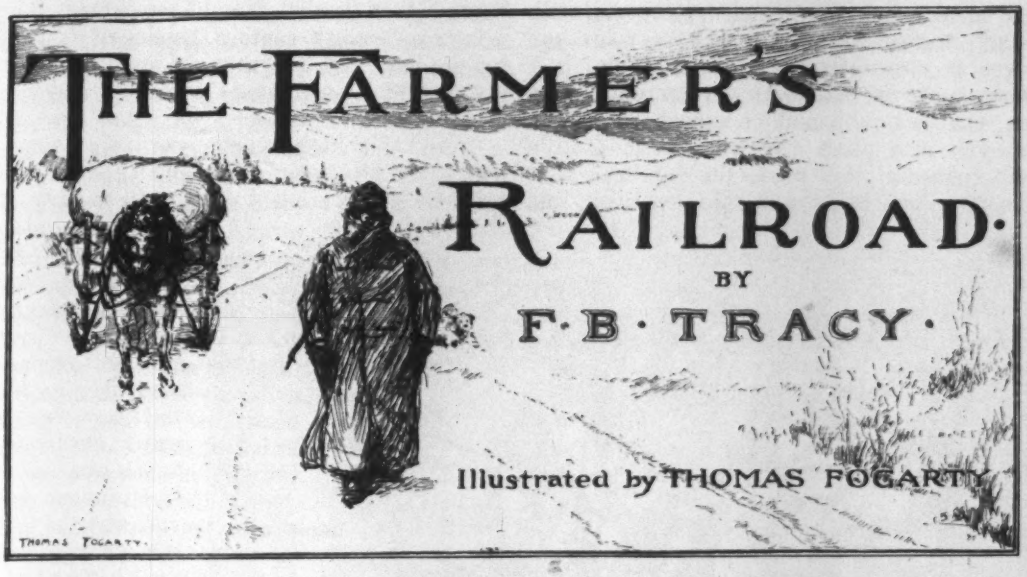
My Dear General: I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I wish to say a word further When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg, I thought you should do what you finally did—march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks; and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make the personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

Grant was busy with new movements before this letter reached him; indeed, as soon as Vicksburg capitulated, he had begun getting ready to do something else. So occupied was he that he did not even take time to write his plans to the Government, asking Mr. Dana to do it for him.

Three and a half months later, after the Army of the Cumberland had been defeated at Chickamauga and had retired into Chattanooga, where it lay completely disorganized and on the verge of starvation, Grant was called to its relief. In a month he had driven the Confederates from their positions on the ridges above him and had saved East Tennessee. There was no longer in Lincoln's mind a doubt that at last he had found the man he wanted.



"WE'LL now open this meetin' with pra'r. Brother Mercer, will you lead in pra'r?"

The people arose while Mayor Mercer asked the Lord to bless the gathering.

DANIEL MINDS.

The audience was typical of the dwellers on the "second mountain" (which was not a mountain at all, but only the second elevation from the level of the river, eighty miles away). They were uncouth people in appearance and unique in composition. Their long dog-skin overcoats, their high coon-skin caps, their uncombed hair and shaggy beards, all told of their hardy, toilsome pioneer life. Fifteen years ago that now rapidly growing and rich section of Dakota lay deserted by all save the roaring blizzards, the wolves, and the deer—lay all unconscious of the majestic power in its womb to yield No. 1 hard wheat, which at Liverpool grades above all other wheat in the world. Those who first dared to try its worth were Manitobans, and after they had uncovered its great secret, floods of Canadians, chiefly from Ontario, followed them, until it became a New Ontario in Dakota. Despite their Scotch conservatism, they were keenly alive to all new sensations, and the freshness and oddity of this prairie life seemed to them an attribute of the United States rather than conditions pertaining to all pioneer sections in the wheat belt.

The presence of these people in that hall of the proud and new court-house at Lansing was to hear Daniel Minds give out his scheme of railroad-building. At the end of the prayer, the man who had called for it rose from his knees (he was a Methodist) and began to talk in an embarrassed, halting manner. There was something peculiarly attractive in his way of speaking. If you had passed him as he was often seen in December, walking beside his wheat wagon to keep warm on his way to market at Lansing, you would have seen little that was inviting about him. But there glistened in his eye as he stood before the people that night a winsomeness, a courage, and a hope which the dullest felt. He was tall, with a small head and eyes; his hair was reddish brown, and his slight mustache, which clustered around his mouth, was of the same color. His dress was plain and rough, but clean and well brushed. Awkwardly, apologetically, and with a strange smile, he said:

"I s'pose yuh want tuh know what I've got tuh say about this new plan to build a railroad. Well, it seems kinder funny fer

me to stand up here and try tuh talk tuh yuh. Amany of yuh, I reckon, think my place is cleanin' out Moody's stable, 'z I useto do seven and eight years ago. Law me, course I can't make a speech; but I can tell yuh in a plain way what is the Lord's will regardin' this road, fer I b'lieve that the Lord hez called me tuh this work, and that's why I asked Frank Mercer tuh open the meetin' with pra'r.

. . TO HEAR DANIEL MINDS GIVE OUT HIS SCHEME."

"Yuh know, I guess, that we've hed purty hard times the last few years. Of course, we ain't ez bad off ez the corn States, and 'z long ez this land will raise 'z good wheat 'z it does now and 'z much of it, we'll git along. But we ain't doin' 'z well as we useto when wheat was so high. Now, I don't look fer any more dollar wheat, stiddy. I don't know why. Some say it's silver, and some say it's terif, but it seems tuh me that with all this wild land bein' plowed up and sowed in wheat, and with folks in the cities agitatin' colonization of the poor inter the country, we can't expect anything but more wheat and lower price. And the only thing we can do is to keep down expenses, and lower what it costs to produce the wheat.

"Now one big reason why you and me hev suh little left after the crop is sold is the big slice the railroad takes of it. The Great Mogul charges us jest ez much fer haulin' our stuff tuh Duluth 'z he did ten years ago, when wheat was worth a dollar a bushel. Ten cents a bushel freight on wheat that brings only sixty cents a bushel at Duluth for the best, and a heap sight less for what's got caught by a frost, is too high, and yuh all know it is.

"And this high charge works two ways. Yuh know we complain a good deal at the way the stores stick it onto us in the way of prices; sometimes they're twict what they are in Ontario. Well, Brother Mercer showed me a freight bill the other day on some hardware, and it was awful. It explained tuh me why he had tuh charge suh much fer his goods.

"Now, you fellers know all this, and I tell yuh the only way fer tuh get relief is fer us tuh build a road ourselves up tuh Duluth. 'Twon't help us at all to git in another road here of the same kind 'z this one. They've got both roads at Gardner, and they ain't any better off. They purtend tuh fight a lot, but it's all a humbug, and I b'lieve the Great Mogul owns 'em both.

"I got our school-teacher at Hanning tuh draw a map fer me, and here it is. Yuh see, both these Dakota roads sway 'way down to the south a hundred and more miles out of their way to Duluth. Why don't they run straight? Here I've drawed a line acrost from this town of Lansing straight tuh Duluth, over land where a grade would cost 'most nuthin' and a hundred miles could be saved. This road's goin' tuh be built some day. The only question is, whether we're goin' tuh build it fer our own benefit er let some Eastern fellers build it fer theirs. I say we can build that road, and I'll tell yuh how."

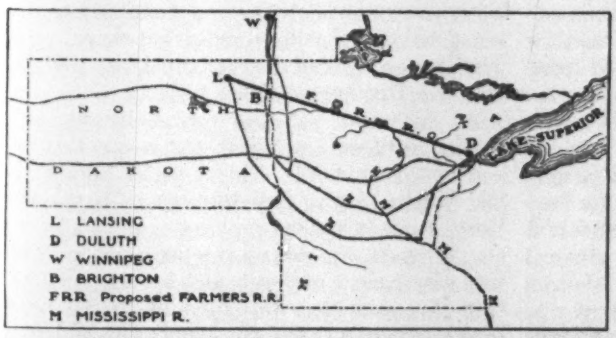
Daniel Minds had always been odd. In his youth he was converted, and became a camp-meeting exhorter and revivalist in his ignorant, hearty, and peculiar way; but suddenly "the power" left him, and he returned un-

complainingly to his farm drudgery, holding fast all the while to his devout faith. He first became known to Dakotans as the smart banker Moody's roustabout and stable-boy. He later filed on a homestead just across on this side of the international boundary, and, after marrying one of Alfred Aker's daughters, settled down on his quarter section. To all appearances he was a serious, hard-working farmer, like hundreds of others who helped to enthrone King Wheat in that frozen land. He was regarded as "queer" by his neighbors; but they were all queer, and that phrase meant little.

He was thoughtful, and the long winter nights gave him opportunity for much reading. In some way his attention became fixed on the transportation problem, and it absorbed him. He brooded over it summer and winter, and it would not let him rest. Bit by bit a plan came to him, and at length he unfolded it to friends and relatives. They told him that it was wild and impracticable, but their words disturbed him in no way. Night after night he would rise from his bed, and gazing from the one window of his shack, far into the north, where the aurora is seen to play most brilliantly many times in the year, he would give himself up to planning for the success of his railroad scheme.

This meeting at Lansing was his first one, and it had attracted a great crowd. But it was a silent, undemonstrative throng to which he poured out his hopes and plans. The road was to be called the Farmer's Railroad, and it was to be built by the farmers of the Red River Valley themselves. The grade once built, the remainder of the task would be easy. The project was to earn no profits, except to keep up repairs and equipments, and was to be wholly coöperative and owned by the people along the line. But the message was too good to be true, and the audience would not receive it. They did not rend him to pieces. Their crucifixion took another form. When he had done, he asked any who cared, to propound questions to him; but no one replied. All sat perfectly quiet, until one arose and left, and then, one by one, all the remainder followed his example, not even the mayor, who cordially liked Minds, caring to talk to him when he was, most probably, in a condition of mind so downcast. Yet they were all self-convicted cowards. They believed Minds was right and that his scheme was possible, but they were afraid to say so to one another. Even in their boisterous laughter and ridicule, which floated up to Minds as they poured down into the street, they were saying to themselves, "We build the road? I believe we really can, but it sounds fool-

"SEVERAL LEADING CITIZENS REMAINED TO TALK WITH HIM."



MAP SHOWING ROUTE OF THE PROPOSED FARMER'S RAILROAD.

"'WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT?' CRIED THE CZAR."

ish, and I am not going to expose myself to my associates' ridicule, when it is evident that they all think Minds is crazy."

Minds sat quietly in his chair until they had all gone, and then arose, and said nothing as he helped the janitor put out the lights. As they walked down the stairs he made some remark about the weather, and with a cheery "Good-by" he went to his hitching-rack, and was soon off on his pony for home. His thoughts may have been very bitter as he rode across the trackless, treeless, fenceless, and almost houseless country from Lansing to the boundary, thirty miles away. But not at that time, nor at any other time, did anyone hear him speak bitterly or hopelessly. To his wife's anxious inquiry he said:

"We hed a big meetin', but they wouldn't say anything. I guess they didn't think much of the talk; but when they think over the railroad scheme, they'll change their minds."

Mastered and led by his daimon, he began a systematic canvass of towns along the proposed route to the river. The results were apparently the same. His fame had preceded him, and he was pictured as a harmless vision-chaser. In several of his meetings he was interrupted by jeers, but his good nature did not leave him. At Brighton, however, on the river, he met his first encouragement. Judicious and respectful questions were asked of him, and several leading citizens remained to talk with him after the meeting was over.

He had felt, for some time, a great longing to go to St. Paul, the headquarters of the Northwestern railways, and learn how those great roads were managed. This feeling grew too strong for resistance when he arrived at Brighton. But he had little money, and he could not ride his pony so far without danger of hurting it permanently. So he threw the bridle back over the pony's head, slapped the rump, and started the little animal back to the Hanning farm. Then he crossed the river, and began a 400-mile walk to St. Paul.

The Great Mogul was busy at his desk when his office boy came in and, with some hesitancy, said:

"There's a rough-looking fellow out here who wants to see you. He has been hanging around the building for several days, but he won't see anybody but you."

It was one of the Mogul's cheerful days. Prospects for the intercontinental amalgamation scheme were becoming excellent. The bank across the water had written most encouragingly, and it looked to the Mogul as if one more visit to Europe would place the two great lines in his grasp. So he said quickly:

"Oh, well, let him in."

Minds entered.

It was late spring, just before seeding, and the Northwest was a mass of mud. A portion of the mass seemed to have clung to Minds. His face was unshaven and worn, his trousers were torn, and their sides glistened with mud which had dried there. His winter cap looked heavy and wet, and his hair was disheveled and knotted.

At his desk sat the Great Mogul, tall, portly, forceful, and with the magnetic tone and air of success. Thirty years before, he had worked as a day laborer in that city. He had seized a slender chance, and had risen slowly, until his genius for railroad-building was discovered and developed. He grabbed this line and that one, and extended them first to Duluth, then to Winnipeg, and then on to the West, until by buying, seizing, leas-

ing, building, by any means *getting* lines and connections, his trains reached the Pacific.

Of that whole system he was the Boss, the Master. His employees were peons, slaves. Scarcely any one paid as poor wages as the Great Mogul, and for such mean pay no one expected so much work. To the high officials of the road, men distinguished for ability and strength, he was overbearing and imperious. His voice was the Jupiter Tonans of the railroad world of that region. He had bold plans for reaching way out to the Orient and securing the monopoly of the business with Japan. Little did he care for the protests of the people. It was no concern of his that his name was a household word in many parts of the Northwest, and almost always with bitterness and an oath. The fact that the success of his plan would place that region under an industrial despotism was as nothing to him compared with the glorification of his success and ambition.

'HE RODE ACROSS THE TRACKLESS AND ALMOST HOUSELESS COUNTRY."

This is the man behind the desk. And before him stands the Homesteader, the Dreamer, the Prairie Dog; rough, uncouth, ignorant, but supremely gifted with pure visions.

"Well, what do you want?" cried the Czar in his abrupt way.

This sharp note startled Minds, and he advanced to the desk with the same peculiar smile, and told the great man of his own railroad project, ending with the astonishing request, made with simple dignity, for transportation over the lines of the road as a courtesy extended from one railroad president to another!

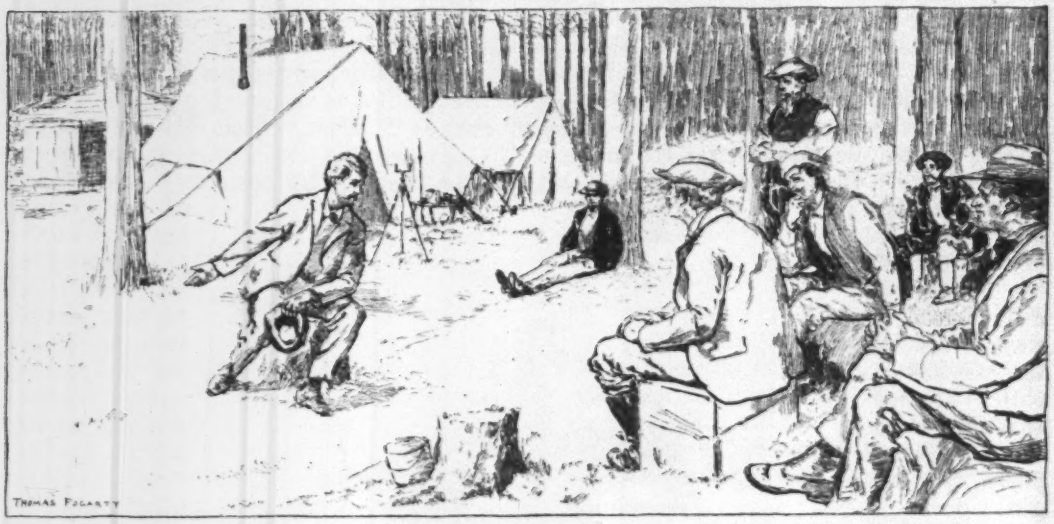
The scene was ludicrous in the eyes of the Mogul, and at its consummation he roared with glee. It was his first laugh for days, and it caused consternation throughout the building. After quizzing Minds and finding that he was really intending this Utopian scheme, the Great Mogul said, "All right, I'll give you a pass;" and then he added with a chuckle, "And if you are in the same business at the end of the year, drop in and I'll renew it for you."

Minds thanked him effusively, and left the office with a radiant face. He then went directly to Duluth, which was to be the terminus of the new railroad, for there he thought he could arouse an interest in business men. But his efforts were apparently fruitless. The newspapers took him up gaily, and had much sport over the visit of "Farmer" Minds. That city had just felt the disaster of a collapsed boom, and no farmer from Dakota could enlist the support of the quaking business men.

Unwearied and undaunted, he then plunged into the country on a journey never before made by a white man. He had been told that his proposed line was impracticable, because in its route lay lakes and swamps which could not be bridged. He determined to find out for himself, and set out on foot to traverse the land between Duluth and the Red River. The thought of starvation, of dying on the prairie or in the great woods, or being drowned in the lakes did not come to him. He was a dreamer, and he thought of naught save the fruition of his dreams.

It had become almost summer. The mountains lay off in the distance, the first he had ever seen; yonder to the east lay Lake Superior, while to the west stretched the rich prairie. Now he plunged into the woods, and he who had known for so many years a land where a riding whip was hard to find was almost crazed by the great pineries. Luckily he had a chart and a compass, and he held doggedly to his route. Now he entered on prairie land, but found few tilled fields after leaving the towns. How he slept in hollow logs or in the open clearings; how

he floundered in bogs and swamps, and, once, almost went down in the quicksand of a creek; how he was welcomed by the trapper, the frontiersman, the lone farmer, and the Indians of the great reservation, all of whom saved him from famine—these are tales which he told very seldom, and then only to justify



"TO THOSE WHO ENTERTAINED HIM HE NEVER FAILED TO TELL OF HIS MISSION."

his faith in the divinity of his inspiration. To those who entertained him he never failed to tell of his mission, and they all knew that he was sincere, but doubted his rationality. He found to his great joy that there were no serious obstacles to his route, and that his first plan was entirely feasible so far as the survey was concerned. In three weeks he had traversed the 300 miles, and it was with a glad heart that he saw the Red River and the town of Brighton rise into view.

The cold and narrow-minded people of that region, so unresponsive at first to the appeals of the farmer railroad builder, were not proof against his earnest and steady activity in projecting his doctrines; their works could be carried by siege if not by assault, and it was not many months until Minds's many railroad meetings had aroused much friendly interest and sympathy. Duluth finally seized hold of the enterprise, some capital was provided, a company was incorporated, of which Minds was made president, at a salary of $75 per month, and Brighton was made headquarters. In every county on the proposed railroad, meetings were held and local organizations were formed. The scheme became more clearly defined, and its practical nature was seen by business men. Minds's preliminary plan was to issue shares of stock to the farmers and business men, for which they would contribute labor on the grade or money. He figured that $10 from every quarter-section of land through which the railroad passed would form a capital large enough for a basis. Further than the grading of the road he would not go at first in his public plans. He was shrewd enough to see that there would be needed some additional capital to equip the road after the grade should be completed. He had now arrived at the point in his plans where it was necessary to secure the means for the raising of this equipment fund.

So he determined on a bold step which startled all his friends and set the press of the Northwest into a roar of mirth. He announced his intention of going to New York to negotiate for the capital to complete the road. This was a rich opportunity for the paragrapher and cartoonist, and they improved it to the full with fanciful sketches of, and gibes at, "Farmer Minds in Wall Street," etc. The idea was, of course, quite absurd; but all the ridicule had no effect on Minds, who set out for New York with his cheerful smile.

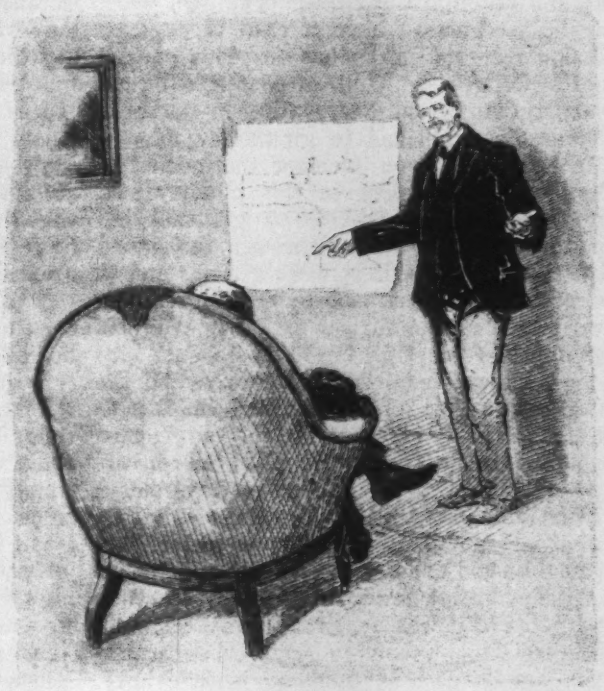
It was a bright morning in February when Minds reached New York. He did not pause to look at the sights, but as soon as he left the station he began to hunt for the haunts of the financiers. He soon found, to his great dismay, that the day was a holiday and no broker's office would be open. But he was especially anxious to see a Western

United States senator whose real home was in New York and who was a wealthy railroad projector. So he learned the Senator's residence address and went up to the house. And this is the story Minds told to the Dakota farmers of his visit to the East:

"I rung the bell at the Senator's house, and the feller that opened the door told me that the Senator wasn't up yet (though it was after nine o'clock). He told me tuh come back at noon, but he was sure the Senator wouldn't see me that day, bein's it was a hollerday. Well, I went back at plum noon, and the Senator's wife, leastways I s'pose she was his wife, opened the door. When I asked to see the Senator, she told me that he wouldn't see me ner anybody else. I told her that wouldn't do at all, I must see him, fer I had come two thousan' miles fer that one thing. I went on tellin' her about the Farmer's Railroad in Dakota, and she kept on refusin', and I guess between us two there was considerable noise, until finally the Senator himself come out to see what was the row. He laughed when he saw me, fer some reason, and told me to come in anyway.

"But I tell yuh, he was mad enough when he found what I had come fer. 'Why,' he says, 'I'm bothered to death every day with these swindlers an' fools, and I won't let another one of 'em spoil a holiday fer me.' I told him then purty warm-like that I wasn't a swindler er a fool, but a plain Dakota farmer, and I kep' on a-talkin' that way until he said, weary-like, 'Oh, well, set down, and let's hear quick what's yer scheme.'

"So I got out my map and pinned it agin the wall, and begun tuh tell him the whole thing ez I hev told it tuh you, and he set there, sayin' nuthin', but blinkin' his eyes. Well, when I got all tired out and couldn't think of anything else tuh say, he begun to talk, and I wisht yuh could have heard the questions he asked me. There was the queerest things he asked about—where I lived, what kind of a house, who my wife was, how many children we had, what we had tuh eat, how I done my farmin', who my neighbors was, and a thousand more questions jes' about as funny.



"'I . . . BEGUN TUH TELL HIM THE WHOLE THING.'"

"'THE SENATOR HIMSELF COME OUT TO SEE WHAT WAS THE ROW.'"

"In the evenin' he sent out fer a chum of his, and I went over the whole thing again. Then we had supper, er dinner, they called it, and it was, sure enough, dinner fer me that day, fer I'd had but one meal before that. Well, I tell yuh, it was a funny sight, me tellin' them millionaires about things out here on the prairie! Finally, after they had looked over my papers and see that I wasn't a fraud, they got off in a corner and talked a long time. Well, the upshot of it was that they agreed to give me just what I wanted, a guarantee to loan me $5,000 a mile for the road's equipment when the gradin' was done. They couldn't believe at first that the road could be built so cheap, but I had all the figgers down purty fine, and showed 'em how it could be done, and I've got their agreement in black and white right in my pocket.

"New York is a purty nice, big place, with lots of sights, and I could have spent a *whole*

week there, seein' things; but the Farmer's Railroad didn't have the time, and I went right off to Washington to see about gettin' my bill through Congress. Yuh see, when anybody wants to build a road through an Indian reservation, he has to git a special act of Congress. Well, of course, our road runs through that reservation in northern Minnesota, and I had to git the law passed. Mebbe some of you 'member that some fellers and newspapers in this country said it would cost us $50,000 to git that bill passed. Well, it was put through and signed by the President in a week's time, and it didn't cost a cent, and them Congressmen wouldn't let the farmer pay for even his own meals."

On his way back home, Minds visited the Carnegie mills at Pittsburg and the Illinois Steel Works at Joliet, to see the rails turned out and to get their prices. When he arrived at Brighton, he found many circulars from Wall Street firms and other capitalists awaiting him in which they complained because he had not negotiated with them.

His campaign among the farmers now took on notes of power, inspiration, and triumph. The meetings were very large and enthusiastic, and stock was taken up with avidity. Various towns clamored for the honor of the main line. Calls came for organization meetings in Minnesota as well as in Dakota. Those who had called Minds a lunatic now showered praise upon him and entertained him lavishly. The leading men of every community became active in support of the project. Its success seemed certain.

Soon, however, nature conspired with many other circumstances in an attitude which seemed that of malevolence to defeat the scheme. First, there came a "backward spring." The ice and snow remained on the ground until late in April, and in some sections until May, and then melted in a few days, causing disastrous floods which prevented seeding. Then, after seeding, cold rains fell, and much of the wheat was chilled and required replanting, which in some cases with farmers of small means was impossible, and the result was that the wheat came up more than a month behind over the whole Red River Valley. Then there came several terrific hail-storms, which almost wholly wiped out the crops in several townships in one county and which cut a swath through many other sections. The result was that farmers failed to pay their subscriptions for stock in the railroad, and soon the news was carried over the whole Northwest that the farmers, the class to be chiefly benefited by the road, were deserting it.

Upon the top of this news came a gigantic and crushing blow to Minds at the meeting of the directors that summer at Brighton, at which his scheme for raising the money was rejected and outvoted and he himself was practically removed from the position of chief. There had been rumors during the early summer that there was in the directorate some jealousy of Minds, and it was said that the inspiration came from St. Paul, but no fear was felt by Minds or any of his nearest friends of any formidable revolt. The action of the directors must, therefore, have been a great shock to his reason and hopes; but he gave no sign. He spent most of his time at Brighton, supervising the surveys and the grading, which had already begun. At times he visited his home at Hanning, and when asked about the condition of affairs, simply said with a smile, "The directors think they can raise $300,000 easier than I can raise $100,000, and all I can do is to let them try and do it." His hopes were high that when the annual meeting of the road was held in January he would be restored.

Everything looked most auspicious for Minds when the directors assembled at Brighton for the annual meeting. The plan which they had adopted had proved a failure, everywhere was confidence in Minds, and the condition of the farmers was better than they had anticipated, which, with higher prices for their wheat, made the time an excellent one to revive interest in the railroad. But when the meeting began, his enemies were seen to be in full control, and he was retired from the presidency and every vestige of power was taken away from him.

Minds was silent, and for the first time dejected, after this overwhelming verdict. But he remained at Brighton for the rest of that winter, and the last heard from him was that he had reëntered the evangelist field, which he had tried when a boy, and was holding great and thrilling revival meetings near Brighton, until a few days ago the newspapers contained this despatch:

"Daniel Minds, the Farmer's Railroad projector, was to-day adjudged insane, and removed to the State Hospital for the Insane. Last Monday he announced that Christ would come in six days and he had been called to warn people of the event. He is in a terrible physical condition, unable to sleep, and talks incessantly on almost every subject. Unless he gets relief soon he cannot live long."

And the Farmer's Railroad was not built.

STORIES OF ADMIRAL DEWEY.

By Oscar King Davis,

Correspondent of the New York "Sun" at Manila.

IN September, Admiral Dewey transferred his flag to the "Baltimore," and sent the "Olympia" to Hong Kong to be docked and cleaned. The "Baltimore" lay on the Manila side of the bay, not far off the breakwater. One morning the Admiral went ashore. He drove out to the palace of the Governor-General in Malacañan, stopped a few minutes, and went back to his ship. He had seen enough of Manila for a long time. The next afternoon, sitting on the quarter-deck of the "Baltimore," he talked about this little excursion.

"It was my first trip ashore," he said. "They showed me the palace of Admiral Montojo, and his town house with the signal staff in front of it. Think of an admiral in command of a fleet living on shore and giving his orders from his front yard! Think of an admiral with a town house and a palace in the country, like a great banker or merchant! No wonder he lost! How could he expect to win? Why, I would go to the 'McCulloch,' if necessary, but I'd be afloat."

He looked about the bay at the ships of his squadron. It was a brilliant, clear afternoon, and the ships were good to see. Their gray war-paint was fresh and clean, their flags were bright and beautiful; the white-clad jackies lounging about were stalwart, sturdy fellows. Forward on the gun deck of the "Baltimore" the sailormen were lounging about, sleeping, reading, smoking, playing cards or checkers.

"Just look at those men," exclaimed the Admiral. "Aren't they a fine lot? See the condition they are in, in spite of all the work of the summer. They haven't been off the ship for more than three months, and you know what hard work they have had. See that big fellow leaning against the rail. Isn't he a magnificent specimen? Suppose some sudden emergency should arise, do you know how long it would take to have this ship ready for action? Less than four minutes. I've a great notion to try it just to show you how quickly they would be ready.

"It's just the same everywhere. I come over here from the 'Olympia,' and in five minutes I am as much at home as if I had been here always."

"Orderly!" he called, and a stalwart marine came up quickly and saluted. The Admiral gave some trifling order, and the marine went away. "I never saw that man before," the Admiral went on, "but that makes no difference. He knows his work, and he does it just as if he had been my orderly for years.

"Naturally I am proud of the work of the squadron. I should not be fit to command it if I were not proud of its work; but I am proudest of my men. They are splendid fellows. They have done their work well. The people haven't realized how good their navy was. I would rather have command of this squadron than hold any office any people could give me."

And as I looked at the Admiral and saw the light in his eyes as he watched his men, I knew it was true. He knew their temper, and he had tried their worth. He knew, too, their devotion to himself. They would take one of his "paper-shelled" cruisers against the proudest battleship afloat, and cheer as they went to certain death, if Dewey made the signal. He wouldn't be George Dewey if he were not proud of them.

The talk drifted back to the first of May, and I spoke of some of the captains who declared that it was the hand of God that turned aside the Spanish shells on that morning and left our ships and men scatheless.

"I believe it, I believe it," exclaimed the Admiral. "Oh, yes, I believe it. It is easier to believe that than it is to believe that so many shells could have missed us from simple human inaccuracy of fire. I would stand there and see the smoke and fire from a Spanish gun and know that the shell was coming directly at the 'Olympia.' I would say, 'Surely that must hit us;' and yet it didn't. God knows where all the shells went."

He was silent a few moments, looking down at the deck, lost in the recollection of that turbulently triumphant morning, and then:

"If I were a religious man—" he hesitated a moment—"well, I hope I am a religious man—yes, I am a religious man—but if I were a religious man in the sense in which that term ordinarily is understood—if I were the good Presbyterian some persons have said I am—I should certainly say that the Lord meant to punish Spain for her years of wickedness and misrule in these islands. Why, look at it!" He jumped up and swung his hand around in a broad, sweeping gesture that took in Manila and the beautiful country behind and beyond it. "We have taken an empire and have lost scarcely a man."

He stood for a minute with his hand resting on the temporary rail, looking out toward the Mariveles Mountains, where the air sprites were already piling up their sundown bouquet of cloud roses. "It was the judgment of God," he said, half to himself, "the judgment of God."

Over the old green wall of Fort Santiago, the starry flag he had given the city that day it was dedicated to freedom by his act was snapping its beautiful folds in the lively breeze. The afternoon sun lit up its bright stripes, and it caught his eye as he turned to resume his chair. He paused, waved his hand toward it, and said, "I hope it floats there forever."

THE ADMIRAL'S APPEARANCE AND CHARACTERISTICS.

Many pictures of Admiral Dewey have been published in the last few months, but very few of them show much of the man as he is. Most of them show a rather long, narrow face, with high, slightly receding forehead and Roman nose. As a matter of fact, there is more breadth and less length to the face than these pictures show. It is a square face, and its most prominent feature is the rugged under jaw. The eyes are wide apart, and set well back under heavy brows. The forehead is high, broad, and bold. The nose is large, and the mouth generous, but firm. Most of his pictures show more of a mustache than the Admiral wore last summer. Mustache and hair are almost white. The complexion is dark, as are the eyes. He is not a big man physically, but he is astonishingly quick in his actions. His shoulders are so square and his broad back is so straight that many a man much his junior might envy him them. His step is quick and springy; his whole bearing is one of alertness and readiness. His mental process is lightning-like. He thinks like a flash, and goes all around his subject in less time than many a man would take to study one side. Yet he does not jump to conclusions, and there are times when he is very deliberate. He reasons to his determinations, and, whatever his personal preferences or beliefs or feelings, he can dissociate them entirely from his work. His logic machine is absolutely sound and in the finest order. It turns out conclusions with mathematical precision. The sharpest critic he has can hardly find one point in the long record made in Manila Bay where he can put down his finger and say, "There Dewey made a mistake."

The Admiral has a peculiar trick of thinking out loud, and sometimes when he is pondering some subject he will argue with any man whom chance sends along. On such occasions he will advance as his definite conclusion whatever side of the question happens to be uppermost in his mind, and stand ready to defend it with considerable warmth. On the morning of my first interview with him in Manila Bay, he spent several minutes demonstrating to me that the Filipinos were "forty times more capable of governing themselves than the Cubans." In less than a week he gave me an argument upon exactly the opposite side, ignoring the first talk as completely as if it had never occurred. Each time his assertions were of the most positive character, and the apparent contradiction puzzled me greatly until I came to understand better his mental attitude. Finally he reached the conclusion about the Filipinos which all the world now knows, and instantly his course of action was shaped to conform to his belief.

The period of delay after his May-day victory, when the Admiral was waiting for the army to get ready to occupy Manila, was very trying to him. Complications arose which placed a heavy strain on his intensely nervous organism. The actions of the German squadron of observation, and the attempt to send Cámara to relieve Manila, are familiar history; but it is doubtful if the "sheltered people" here at home ever realized, or can realize, the anxiety that all this caused Admiral Dewey. Yet there wasn't a moment when his confidence was shaken. His plans were made for every contingency, and when he sent word to Von Diederichs

that the Germans could "have a fight here and now, or at any time and any place," he meant just exactly what he said. Moreover, his own plan of action was mapped out, and the disposition of his ships, in case of battle with the Germans, was arranged. There can be no doubt whatever, no matter what denials or disavowals the Germans may make or have made, that the situation for a time was very critical in Manila Bay. I have heard it said of Dewey's talk to the German flag lieutenant on the "Olympia," that day he "laced out" Von Diederichs's staff officer and brought the whole matter to a focus, that it was "very undiplomatic." Well, suppose it was undiplomatic; it was also tremendously effective. The Admiral lost his temper, and he said what was in his heart with the clear-cut emphasis of an unusually plain-spoken man. That practically settled the "German incident." One afternoon on the "Olympia," when he had been talking to me about the German incident, he pointed to the wrecks of the Spanish ships, lying about Cavite, and exclaimed, "That was one of the least of my difficulties here."

After all, it was perfectly characteristic of Dewey that he should lose his temper. The wonder is rather that he kept it so long. He is very high strung. His nerves are constantly on a hair-trigger, and his temper is their admirable match. It is a strong man's temper; but as a general thing, this strong man holds it in complete control. Once in a while it gets away from him for a little time, and then things hum. But it is just like an electric storm. It is soon over, and the air is the clearer for the outburst.

HOW THE ADMIRAL SPENDS THE DAY.

During his long watch before Manila, almost the only recreation the Admiral took was in the navy-yard at Cavite. Nearly every fair morning he went ashore a little before ten o'clock, and for an hour or so walked about with Captain Wood of the "Petrel," who was commandant of the yard. He talked very freely with Captain Wood, as he did, in fact, with almost all his officers, and it is simple truth and justice to say that more loyal and devoted support could not have been given him. Except for this walk in the navy-yard, the Admiral spent his time on the "Olympia," very rarely leaving her. He appeared on the quarterdeck early in the morning, and there he sat or walked about nearly all day. There he met the captains or others who came to see him; there he transacted the business that came up for his personal attention; there he read, studied, visited, lived, during the tedious trying months. If the day was bad, weather-dodgers were spread, and he still sat there, keeping a diligent lookout on the whole squadron. If something happened on another ship that he didn't understand, he was quite likely to have signal made to find out about it. He knew completely what was going on in the squadron, and there wasn't an officer or man who didn't understand the hopelessness of trying to fool him.

Every afternoon at two o'clock he turned in for his siesta, and during it nothing was permitted to disturb him. No one could see him. That time was sacred. He is not a good sleeper, and very often spent restless nights. It was not uncommon for him to be up for hours in the middle watch, reading or walking about or sitting alone on the quarterdeck. So when he turned in for his siesta, all the ship did its best to give him a quiet nap. Usually the siesta was over by four o'clock, and then he would sit on the quarterdeck and read and smoke and see callers. There were half a dozen wicker chairs out there, big, wide-armed fellows, well calculated for comfort. Sometimes he would have his orderly bring the little mascot monkey down from the superstructure deck, and he would play with it as a child would, holding it in his arms and fondling it, coaxing it to show off its tricks, persuading it to jump and run about, saying, "Oh you little beauty," and giving himself up completely to the relaxation.

SOME FRIENDLY LAPSES IN BRITISH NEUTRALITY AT HONG KONG.

Until a week after Manila surrendered, the only means of communication with the rest of the world was by despatch boat to one of the Asiatic ports. Hong Kong was by far the most available of these places, for many reasons, and there the despatch boat usually was sent. It took some clever work on the part of our agents at Hong Kong and our officers on the despatch boat to avoid violating British neutrality, but they were always successful. The little merchant ship "Zafiro," which Dewey had bought in Hong Kong before he set out for the Philippines, was the vessel usually employed in this work. She was commanded by Lieutenant Walter McLean, who did more good solid work for American success in the Spanish war than many a man whose more

spectacular field got him public acclamation or special reward of honor and promotion.

The method of getting things out of Hong Kong was very simple. It consisted principally in constructing a huge fence of ignorance around everything that went on on board the "Zafiro" while she was in the vicinity of Hong Kong. Lieutenant McLean always carried the Admiral's despatches to the government, and attended personally to cabling them from Hong Kong, waiting there until he had received the replies and had answered such questions from Washington as were in his province. The last thing before leaving Manila Bay for Hong Kong he always went to the Admiral for his despatches and his final instructions, and always as he was leaving the flagship for the "Zafiro" the Admiral would say, in his most emphatic manner:

"Now don't you bring a thing back from Hong Kong, sir, not a thing; not a pound of anything, sir; not a single package."

And McLean would say, "Ay, ay, sir," and obey absolutely. He never brought back a pound of anything or a single package. There were always many pounds and many packages. Before the "Zafiro" got out of Manila Bay, McLean would meet Pay Director Smith, the fleet paymaster, on board, going up to Hong Kong "to see some friends for a few days." It was curious how many times Smith got leave during the summer to visit friends in Hong Kong, and always just when the "Zafiro" happened to be going up for a short stay. He is another man whose work was not heard of outside the fleet, but it counted a great deal more in the scale of solid worth than many things that have been celebrated in special and general orders.

When the "Zafiro" reached Hong Kong, she anchored in Chinese waters—usually in Kau-lung Bay—and Lieutenant McLean went ashore with his despatches. The last thing before going he would give positive orders that in his absence not a thing of any description, particularly coal, should be taken on board. How in the world it happened nobody ever knew exactly; but as soon as McLean and Smith were fairly away, men would come from all sorts of places, in all sorts of boats, with all sorts of bundles, boxes, and packages. None of the ship's officers ever saw any of these things come aboard; no one ever saw the coal lighters alongside; no one, in fact, knew anything about what was going on; but in some way the ship was coaled, and supplies for various messes came aboard, and occasionally even stores for the fleet, coffee and hard bread, for instance. The plain, unvarnished fact was that anybody could go to the "Zafiro" and put anything he liked aboard, and nobody would question or stop him. The wonder is that the Spaniards did not blow her out of the water with a dynamite or some other infernal machine. No examination of the things taken aboard was made until the despatch boat was well on her way back to Manila; and then some queer things were discovered sometimes. Once Lieutenant McLean found that the Hong Kong post-office people had put the Spanish mail for Manila aboard. He couldn't chuck it overboard, and he couldn't eat it; so he took it along, and the Admiral had it delivered through the British squadron.

A SACK OF POTATOES BECOMES AN AFFAIR OF NATIONS.

Once when the German incident was at almost its most critical stage, the "Zafiro" got nearly back to Cavite before Lieutenant McLean discovered thirteen sacks of potatoes addressed to Admiral Von Diederichs. There was no telling who put them aboard the "Zafiro," nor, in fact, did Lieutenant McLean care very much. The question with him was how to get rid of them. He knew he couldn't send them to the Germans without Dewey's knowing it, and he didn't want to confiscate them or throw them overboard. He kept them for several days after reaching Cavite, hoping that something would turn up which would enable him to get rid of them, but nothing did, and at last they were in danger of spoiling. So he put on a bold front, and appealed to Dewey. It was about nine o'clock in the evening when he went to the Admiral with his trouble. The Admiral was sitting in a chair tilted back against the bulkhead at the rear of his cabin, smoking a cigar, and looking out through an open gun-port at the lights of Manila twinkling across the bay.

"Sit down, Mr. McLean, sit down," he said, as the "Zafiro's" commander came in.

McLean sat down, and began to talk. At first the conversation was of a general character, but McLean watched his chance, and finally got around to the potatoes as diplomatically as he could. The Admiral heard him through, and then began in his softest and suavest and most dangerous voice:

"Mr. McLean, when you came in I was sitting here looking across the bay at those

lights shining over that city, and I was thinking of the thousands and thousands of innocent women and children, of sick and non-combatants, whose lives are in my hands. I was thinking of the terrible destruction of life and property which would result from a bombardment of that city, which it is within my power to begin at any minute. I was thinking of the tremendous responsibility that rests upon me in this situation; and I was thinking, too, of the soldiers who are here, dependent upon this squadron and upon me for support, thousands of miles from home as they are. And I was thinking of the responsibility laid upon me for their sakes——" His voice was rising and his gesture growing emphatic, and McLean knew he was in for something lively. The chair that had been tilted back against the bulkhead dropped forward on the deck with a click, and the Admiral went on—" and I was thinking of the two thousand splendid fellows under my care in this squadron and of the responsibility resting upon me for their sakes; and while I am thinking about such things as these, sir, you come in here and interrupt me with a nasty little question about potatoes." The voice had reached the top notch of pitch and force, and the Admiral got out of his chair and started toward McLean, shaking his finger at the lieutenant and shouting: " I don't care what you do with those potatoes. By George, I——"

But McLean had fled. The instant the Admiral stood up McLean got out of his chair also, and when Dewey started for him McLean started for the door. He went on the run, too, standing not at all upon ceremony, and slammed the door behind him as he went out. The Admiral saw him go with amusement and amazement. When the door slammed, he stopped short in his advance and in his talk, and stood for half a minute silent and motionless. Then he turned to Captain Lamberton, who was sitting on the other side of the cabin, and said, with a chuckle, " Well, I scared him."

Also, but that was of course farthest from his mind at the time, there was no responsibility resting upon him in the matter of the potatoes, for he had made no decision. The next morning a German launch came down to Cavite, and Lieutenant McLean sent the potatoes to Von Diederichs by it. That afternoon signal was made from the " Olympia " to the " Zafiro ": " Commanding officer will repair on board at once." Lieutenant McLean went, wondering what was up. As he came up the gangway of the flagship the watch on deck told him the Admiral wanted to see him at once on the quarterdeck. He climbed down from the superstructure, and the Admiral came toward him saying, " Young man, what did you do with those potatoes? "

" I sent them to the German admiral, sir," replied McLean.

" Well, it's lucky for you you did," said the Admiral.

Some time after that Dr. Krüger, the German consul in Manila, went to M. André, the Belgian consul, whom he knew to be on good terms with the Admiral, and asked the Belgian to use his good offices in promoting more friendly relations between the Germans and the Americans. Dr. Krüger wanted to arrange a meeting with the Admiral at which he could assure Dewey of the good intentions of the Germans. He talked about the causes of the friction, and denied the stories then current that potatoes had been landed in the city from German warships: it was entirely false, he said.

" Oh, no," said M. André, " it is quite true, for I have some of the potatoes in my house right now."

" Well, at any rate," replied Dr. Krüger, " I am not so very well informed about the potatoes, but Paymaster Smith, of the ' Olympia,' knows all about them."

However, M. André arranged the interview, and Dr. Krüger saw the Admiral. In telling M. André about it afterward Dewey said: " I talked to him a few minutes, and then I told him I was busy."

So good relations were reëstablished with the Germans.

THE ADMIRAL'S REMEMBRANCES FROM HOME.

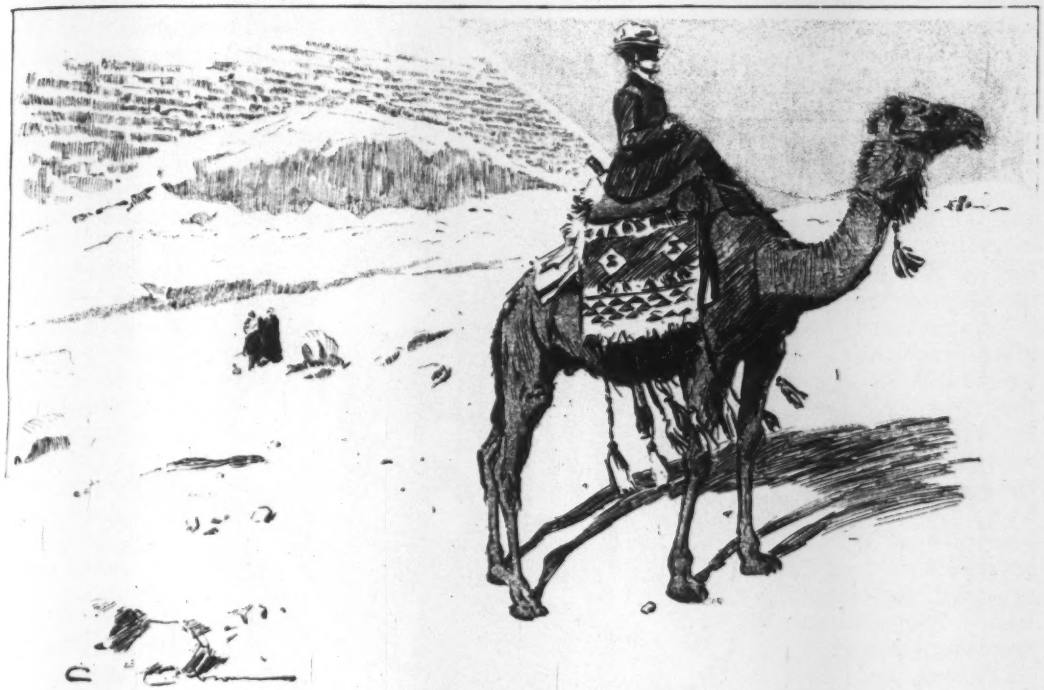
Since the fall of Manila, and to some extent even before that, the friends and admirers of the Admiral here at home have been sending him all sorts of gifts: some of them fine and of value, but very many of them just little tokens of esteem from persons who never saw him and probably never heard of him until after his Manila Bay victory, but who are genuinely proud of the man and his achievements. These things have given the Admiral keen pleasure. I have seen and heard him give expression to the greatest delight over such little gifts, and have known him to make signal to some of his captains to come over to the " Olympia " and see his new presents. He displayed the enthusiasm of a child over things

which pleased him, and he has been touched very deeply by the numberless evidences which have reached him of the place he has won in the hearts of his countrymen. For a long time he did not realize it, and even now it is doubtful if he comprehends it thoroughly. He is a simple and direct man who did what he saw before him simply and directly and with no thought whatever of what was to come to him. The wild acclaim which greeted his performance seemed to daze him at first, but he knows now enough of the feeling here to be afraid of the reception that is waiting him. He was never what would be called a robust man, however, and is not in rugged health now. Moreover, the strain of the long campaign before Manila has told on him, so that it will be probably with genuine relief, even in spite of what is in store for him here, that he starts home.

In the eyes of the world, May 1, 1898, probably always will be the great day in Dewey's history. It was a glorious victory he won on that day, but it was a greater that he won on August 13th. The victory of May 1st was showy and spectacular; there were fight, flame, smoke, death in it, the overwhelming of a gallant squadron by superior power and skill. But even of that victory the great point usually is unnoticed. The plan of the battle itself was not Dewey's, but Brumby's and Calkins's. Dewey himself says so openly. It was the flag lieutenant and the navigator of the "Olympia" who persuaded the Admiral to go in past Corregidor in line ahead instead of in line abreast; but it was Dewey who determined to go into the bay, and there was where the fight was made and won.

During those three months and a half of waiting before Manila, Admiral Dewey reached the conclusion that it was possible to take the city without loss of life; to force a peaceful surrender. He knew that he could take it by bombardment whenever he chose. He knew, too, with what wild applause victory after bombardment would be greeted at home. He had before him the example of Great Britain, which made Seymour a vice-admiral for the bombardment of Alexandria. And he was great enough to resist the temptation. He was morally strong enough to put himself and his own glory in the background, and to consider the little brown men and women whose lives would be snuffed out in such an attack. That was his victory, and it was the greatest achievement of the war with Spain. Throughout all the negotiations with Augustin and Jaudenes for the surrender of the city, Dewey was the only American who had faith in ultimate success. Merritt, Anderson, Greene, even his own flag lieutenant, thought he would fail, but Dewey believed and won.

"Nowadays," said Dr. Depew two or three years ago, "the tendency is to fresco our idols, not to analyze them." There has been such an immense amount of fresco work in the idolatry of George Dewey since the 1st of May, 1898, that what attempt at analysis has been made has been practically covered up. It is, perhaps, too soon for analysis, anyway. The performances which have so distinguished this plain citizen of Vermont are hardly far enough away as yet to be in good focus; but in the broader sense most of this frescoing is based upon a rough sort of analysis, and, like the actions of its subject, has its foundation sure and stable. It was my fortune to be on more or less intimate and cordial terms with Admiral Dewey during six months of his operations in Manila Bay. I saw him many times, under constantly differing circumstances. I saw him well and ill, pleased and displeased, good-natured and angry, in action and in repose, when everything was moving to his satisfaction, and when the gravest complications threatened him; but under whatever cloud of anxieties and difficulties he might be he was always the same: self-reliant, confident, the George Dewey so dear to millions of Americans—the real George Dewey, cherished in the hearts of his fellows, whatever image of him his flamboyant frescoers set up for public worship; a plain man, simple, strong, great.



SKETCHES IN EGYPT.

TEXT AND PICTURES BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.

III.

The Sheikh of the Pyramids.

THE starting of the engines had us up fairly early the next morning, and we found the country very much changed. The desert now came to the river's edge, and granite had taken the place of limestone ; it seemed as though we had come to the end of fertile Egypt. Two white vultures were the only living things in sight. Then we came to some wonderful bends in the river, and the sakiehs once more began to dip up the muddy water ; but the skins of the men who worked them had changed : they glistened like coal in the sunlight.

By two o'clock we reached Assuan, and moored to the island of Elephantine, just opposite the town, from which any number of little, bright, painted ferry-boats rowed towards us, and in a few minutes some thin-legged Egyptian policemen and a few natives were on the bank, and a small boy with a stick had been selected to mind the turkeys that we had brought from Esneh. Some of the poor birds were very weak on their legs, and where they ought to have been red they were only a pale salmon color; but the little cook promised that they would be all right in a day or two. Some of the crew had homes on the island, and they all put on their best clothes and were met by friends. They immediately established a laundry on shore, and the

building of an oven proved that we were to be there for some time.

We began the 27th with a visit to the tombs on Grenfell Hill, high on the river's bank, below Elephantine. There was a strong wind, full of sand, from the south, and the light natives had trouble in getting the heavy boat to the foot of the hill. The wind helped us back to the "Nitocris," and after lunch we crossed the river to Assuan, where the inhabitants seemed especially prepared for tourists. The natives were more theatrical in Assuan, and the bazaars were filled with musical instruments, made as primitive as possible to please the traveler.

There is a railroad at Assuan. It is only a small, disconnected link; but some day it will be part of a road to the Cape, and vestibule trains will run over it, and passengers may only get flying glimpses of Philæ from car windows. Think of being on a train that went by Pharaoh's Bed in the night! But it is impossible to believe that the world could become used to such a wonderful place, and it is to be hoped that all trains will go slow when they come to Philæ; for without it Egypt would be like Romeo and Juliet without a balcony. It is the most romantic ruin in Egypt, and it marks the end of the first-cataract tourist's journey.

If the "Nitocris" had been a sailing *dahabiyeh* and had belonged to us, and if the season had been younger and the river higher, we would have had her pulled up one cataract after another until we had made some important discoveries; but we were one-month tourists on a hired boat, and that night, while the "Nitocris" was tied fast to some large wooden pegs driven deep into the beach, we read how the "Rip Van Winkle" and other *dahabiyeers* had gone to Abu-Simbel.

The next morning we chose the nine o'clock train, in preference to camels and donkeys; and after some minutes of rocking and twisting in the little box-car, we were ferried from the mainland to the famous island, where we were to forget Komombos and all the others amid new beauties, which no guide-book can exaggerate.

After lunch we walked to the northern end of the island, and boarded a big, clumsy, eight-oared boat with a great deal of rigging lashed overhead, and our homeward journey began. There was a crew of ten, and we soon had the greatest respect for their skill, especially one little man with crooked teeth, who sat in the stern and shouted over our heads at the men in the boat.

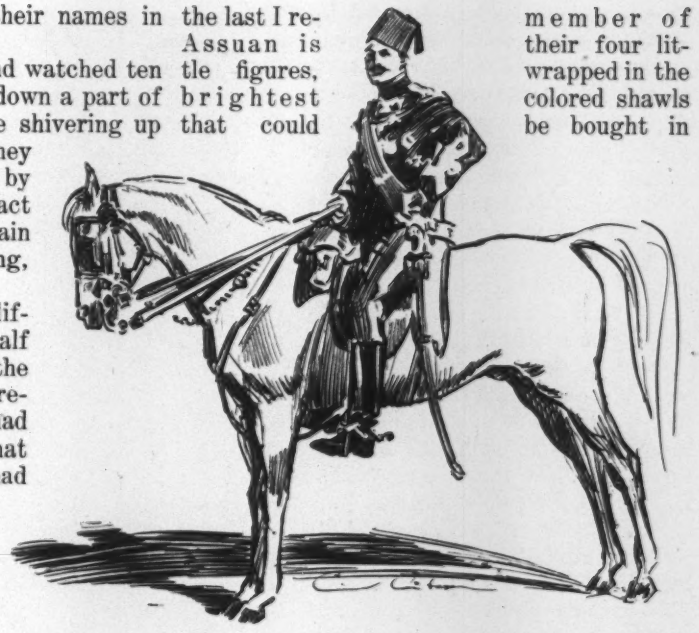
The rapids were tame enough at first. The wind was strong against us, and we found some shelter behind the high granite islands we drifted among. The river had worn them into fantastic shapes so closely resembling temples that hieroglyphics had been cut on the polished stones by the Pharaohs,

who never tired of seeing their names in print.

At one place we stopped and watched ten or fifteen boys swim and float down a part of the rapids. They would come shivering up to us, and the next instant they would be in the water shooting by us on a log, screaming to attract our attention, and then back again to us, with their teeth chattering, for backsheesh.

But after that it was very different. The man at the tiller half stood up, and I could see, by the little patches of sand on his forehead, that the wrinkles there had formed in two parallel lines, that he had been praying while we had been watching the boys swim, and by the same sign, I could see that most of the crew had been doing the same thing; and Muhammad must have been with us, for fifty times within half that number of minutes we needed help. With the little man in the stern continually wetting his lips and jambing the tiller from side to side, apparently steering in just the wrong place and always proving that he was right, we "shot" over the uneven surface of the river, dodging half-buried rocks, first near one bank and then the other, until we reached the natural bed of the river. Here the crew began their battle with the wind, and by evening, after much chanting and hard rowing on their part, we reached the "Nitocris," feeling very much as if our faces had been sandpapered.

During our stay at Elephantine we made friends with four little Bisharin girls. They were graceful and pretty, and had the power to make the most dismal tomb cheerful. They followed us to the quarries back of Assuan, and turned the top of the half-finished obelisk into a stage and danced in the sunlight, while the blackest man in Africa played an instrument of his own invention. And the last I remember of their four little figures, wrapped in the brightest colored shawls that could be bought in Assuan is



H. H. Prince Mahomet Ali, Cairo, February 14, 1898.

A Luxor dancing-girl.

Lower Egypt, and they waving their hands until a bend in the river hid them.

It was a novelty to find ourselves going with the current, which had been until now against us, and we could count on much bigger runs; but there was double the danger of running on a sand-bar, and from that time on there was always a man with a pole in the bow.

On the 30th, we stopped beneath our old friend Komombos, and visited Edfu the next day, and from the top of its pylons we looked into the mud-walled yards of the town, where little fly-covered children stopped playing with goats and called to us, even at that height, for backsheesh.

On the 31st, we were once more in Luxor, where the donkey boys and beggars gave us a hearty welcome. Again we visited Thebes, and were followed from tomb to tomb by the usual vendors of imitation antiques and shriveled mummy-hands.

Our trips back from

Thebes were always enlivened by donkey races across the great fields of young wheat, in the middle of which the great Memnons sit. Those races generally proved that "Columbus" was a faster donkey than "New York."

Pharaoh must have continually thought of the future. His tombs at Thebes show how anxious he was to outlast time. And it seems hard that his carefully prepared plans should have been interfered with. How impressive it would be to find at the end of the long subterranean passage the king whose one wish had been to lie there. He must have visited it often before his death. He might have superintended its building and criticised the drawings that decorate its walls. But the sarcophagus is now empty, and its lid is broken, and the king's new friends have put him in a cheap wooden house; and written on a piece of cardboard and tacked on the glass case in which he now lies, is the name he was so fond of cutting in granite.

On Grenfell Hill. The Keeper of the Tomb, Assuan, December 29, 1897.

Shopping.

One year more or less makes very little difference to Egypt, but the New Year was properly welcomed aboard the "Nitocris," for one of us had never seen a January 1st before. So it happened that, even in Egypt, the occasion was treated as a novelty, and the "Nitocris" once more blossomed out with lanterns, and looked as well that night as her more graceful rivals, the sailing *dahabiyehs*, that were anchored above and below us.

January 4th was our last day at Luxor. We had ridden up the limestone valley at Thebes to the Tombs of the Kings; had spent several days and a moonlight night at Karnak. We had said good-by to our donkey-boys. Mine had held an umbrella over me with one hand, and had fought natives at the same time with the other, and I hope that some day he will be a dragoman. Before daylight on the 5th, we had once more started north, with only five more days on the river left to us. At night we tied to the bank and walked through moon-lit villages, and did our best to imagine that our journey had only just begun.

On the evening of the 7th, an extraordinary thing happened. It rained hard enough to make a noise on the awning over us, and in the excitement we almost forgot that there were only three more days between us and Cairo. We had begun to count the hours and to dread that fatal bend in the river that would show us the pyramids at Sakkarah, where we were to spend our last night. We

An artist in the mouski.

passed *dahabiyehs* with American and English flags flying over them, and we were filled with envy. Handkerchiefs and parasols were sympathetically waved at us, and at a distance we may have looked cheerful; but it was a forlorn, childish feeling to be taken home because our time was up and our *dahabiyeh* had another engagement. We felt that all the other boats knew our secret, and we even suspected the crew of having become

tired of us and only remaining civil in order to collect the present that they were expecting.

Ghesiri's suggestion that we spend the night of the 10th at Cairo seemed to prove that they were anxious to have done with us ; but we had no inclination to be tied to the bank at Cairo over night, waiting to be sent away in the morning before a crowd of natives, and among them, possibly, those other people who had chartered our boat. We would wait at Sakkara, and not get to Cairo one minute before our time was up.

On the 8th, we visited a sugar factory at Tel-el-Amarna, and later, on the same day, passed our first landing-place, Beni Hassan.

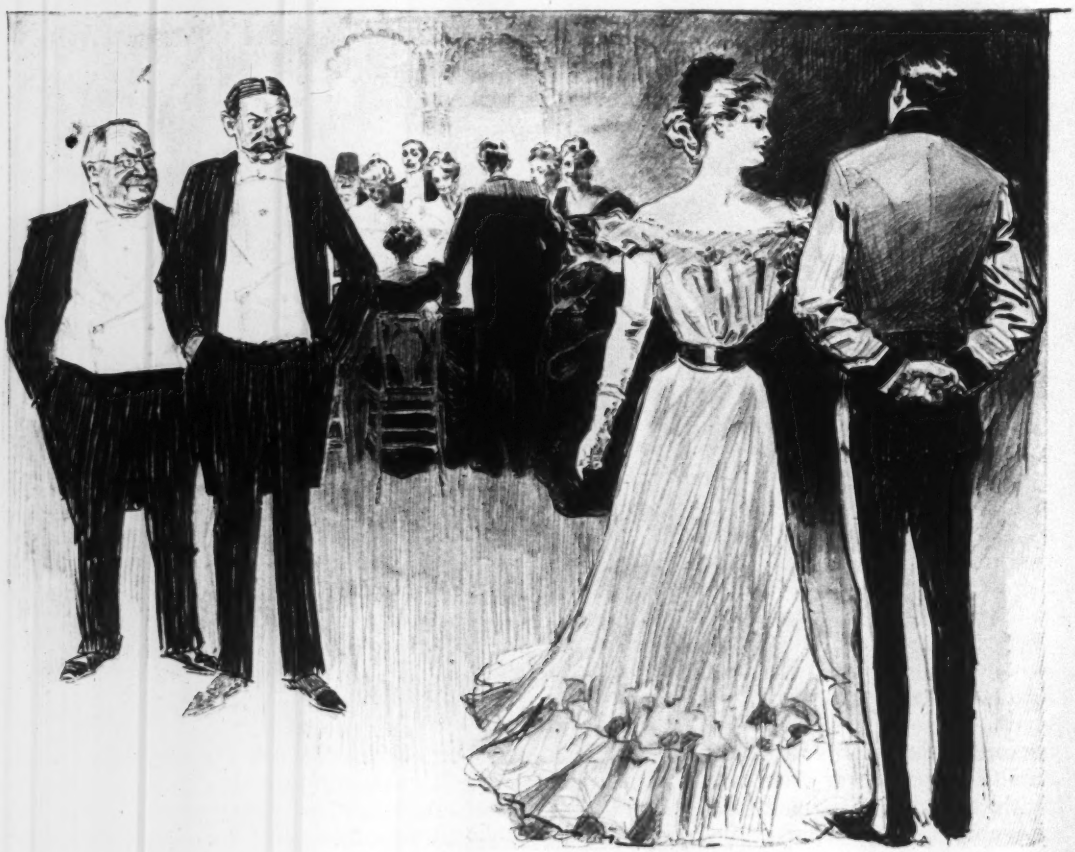
By noon on the 9th, we reached the fatal bend in the river and saw that we were once more in the land of pyramids, and we were soon tied to the bank beneath which once stood the city of Memphis.

We rode to Mariette's House, past the pyramids and the colossal Rameses lying on his back among tall palms, surrounded, for some reason, by a mud house, as if the great granite figure hadn't already proved that it could continue its battle with time unassisted by a few mud bricks and some tin roofing that is very much in the way.

We lit candles and walked through the hot, suffocating galleries of the mausoleum, and peered into the huge granite sarcophagi that once held the mummied sacred bulls. Then we rode to the tomb of Ti, and Ghesiri's last lecture was about that gentleman.

In the distance was Cairo; and even a view of the pyramids at Gizeh and the citadel failed to console us, and we still mourned our late month on the Nile. We took our last donkey ride through the palms that now grow where Memphis once stood, and reached the " Nitocris " by sundown.

By midday on the 10th, we shook hands with the crew and left the " Nitocris " tied to the bank where we had first found her, just as though nothing had happened ; and after all, what had happened was this—six more tourists had gone to the first cataract and back and a few more Egyptian sketches had been made. For us the performance of the Nile was at an end, and we were once more in the streets on our way to the Ghe-



As good an imitation of Monte Carlo as the law allows.

zireh Hotel with a determination to console ourselves with Cairo, which now looked to us, after our stay in the country, like a full-grown European capital.

By January 10th, the season had commenced and the prices of rooms had doubled. Since we left, several steamers from the west had brought an army of tourists, who were turning Africa into New York, London, and Paris. And at the Casino, in the Ghezireh Gardens, was as good an imitation of Monte Carlo as the law allows, but such a poor one that even the Frenchmen who worked it seemed ashamed of themselves, and the New Yorker who owned it was very seldom seen there.

The man who has been there before.

At Shepheard's there is always the man who has "been there before," and like the same man at the play, he sits beside you and interprets the picture. You finally promise that you will not go to the "mouskie" without him and that you will not see the Sphinx by moonlight unless he is there; for if you do, not having been there before, you will be sure to go too early or too late. He says the moon should be at just such an angle and no other. The peddlers in the "mouskie" know him, and while they entertain him with little cups of sweet tea they complain that they have had no luck since they last saw him, and they ask eagerly after that gentleman he brought to them the year before, the gentleman who had such exquisite taste and backed it up so generously with his money. And you drink their tea, and feel, as you leave the shops, after having only looked at their things, that they will never ask affectionately after you. The man who has been there before generally walks in front of you, as if he was not as anxious to have you see the place as he is to have you see that he knows his way about, and after all it is no small thing to be proud of. If I ever go to the "mouskie" again, I shall pity the greenhorn who happens to be with me.

The bazaars are dirty, and so many pasty-faced Turks squatting about in the filth grow tiresome. At first they are described in letters home as fascinating and picturesque, and whole days are spent with them, buying hundreds of things that are destined to be left in hotel bureau drawers and gradually lost. The souvenirs we buy in the "mouskie" seem to melt away. The precious stones we bought there turn to glass; the slippers become pasteboard; the gilt things tarnish, and the brass work bends itself into old junk, and the "mouskie" is only a confused dream; so no wonder the old traveler is proud that he can actually find his way about in it. He had probably begun to think that there never had been such a place.

But Egypt is full of real things, and probably the most genuine thing of them all is the English occupation. Egypt herself is the best proof of how necessary to her well-being this is. It is hard to tell just how unhappy the fellaheen were before the English came. The Egyptian is not the sort of man that complains. After centuries of oppression, he now accepts whatever form of government is offered in a brow-beaten way, and shuffles along after his donkey, and pays his tax for bringing a few bundles of clover across the bridge into Cairo without a murmur ; and, judging by his looks, I doubt if he would make much disturbance if he found some morning that the tax on his clover had been doubled. He evidently feels like a very small depositor in a broken bank. England is the largest creditor, and is straightening things out for them both, and he is satisfied.

There never were so many cooks trying to spoil a broth. Before a Consul-General is received by the Khedive, the Sultan of Turkey must first approve of him, and it is said that the Sultan allows months to go by before he gives his consent, which is his Oriental way of showing his authority. But Egypt is geographically so important that, in spite of herself, she will be saved, and with England's help she will some day pay her debts, and in centuries to come the fellah may learn to hold his head up like the Nubian.

There is no fear of Egypt becoming dull and commonplace, for if the East and the West should ever fight, it must be for the possession of her canal; and many an unborn soldier's reputation will be made before the railroad that has started up the Nile's valley reaches Cape Town. The same land that offers death and reputation to the strong gives life to the weak, and the tired rich man on his *dahabiyeh* and the soldier on the transport go up the Nile side by side, and in most cases they both find what they are in search of.

Shepheard's, in all probability, will forever remain a composite portrait of Europe and Asia, with Cairo as its frame. Time has made, and probably will continue to make, some slight alteration in Upper Egypt's appearance ; but the locomotive's whistle will have difficulty in breaking the silence and calm of Karnak and Thebes. And the present indications are that Egypt will remain true to the Pharaohs of old, and until the Judgment Day she will, in all probability, (assisted by the Nile, who made her) continue to quietly resist the attentions of modern nations, and patiently wait for that last day.

At Komombos.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, GOVERNOR.

By J. Lincoln Steffens.

WHEN Colonel Theodore Roosevelt disembarked at Montauk Point from the transport which brought him and his Rough Riders from Santiago, he was full of the fight that was over. A score of his friends who had hurried down eager to see him were pressing against the line of bayonets at the end of the pier; they were full of something else. One by one they seized him, and one by one they whispered to him:

"You are the next Governor of New York."

"Good," he said, half hearing; but he turned to wave at the yellow fellows just tumbling out of the boat. "What do you think of the regiment?" he asked.

"Campaign buttons are out with your picture already."

"Yes? Bully! Look at them. Aren't they crack-a-jacks?"

"But how do you feel? Do you think you can stand the strain of a political campaign?"

"I feel like a bull moose. I'm ashamed of myself to be so sound and well. See, that's K Troop."

And he pointed out men who had distinguished themselves. It was impossible to get his attention.

"Colonel, Croker said a few weeks ago that the man who would be the next governor must have been wounded in battle."

"Did he? Well, I have a wound. See here on my wrist, a piece of shrapnel—see?" There was no trace left. "Well, it was there, anyhow."

He laughed with the crowd, but again he turned to the column of khaki, and was soon off with his men in Cuba again, when a sober-faced man with a steady, quiet voice said:

"Platt wants you to run for governor, Colonel."

The soldier turned sharply, looked at the man a moment, then said:

"I'll see you again about this matter."

It began then. Senator Thomas C. Platt, the boss of the Republican party, and President Roosevelt of the Police Board had not been friends, for the police commissioner had refused to serve any of the purposes of the boss in New York City. The Assistant Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Roosevelt had called, in Washington, upon the United States Senator from New York State and Mrs. Platt; but that was official courtesy, a social duty, and a personal and private pleasure. Politically the two men were out. The one was a reformer, the other was the head and front of the machine; but both were politicians, different, yet practical politicians.

Mr. Platt realized the truth of what the Tammany boss had said, that only a soldier could carry the State. That was not all, however. Mr. Platt had blundered the year before. He and his party had established the Greater New York, and then had lost it to Tammany by fighting obstinately for a machine candidate for mayor against Seth Low, an independent Republican. The whole of the reform element in the party had been alienated, and had turned up with more votes than the machine could show. Theodore Roosevelt represented that body of voters. The reformer as much as the soldier, therefore, was needed to unite the party and play good politics.

But would a man like Mr. Roosevelt be useful to the machine? And could a man like Mr. Roosevelt afford to strengthen the machine?

The boss sent emissaries to Montauk, and so did the independent Republicans. While the machine men talked to the Rough Rider in his tent, the independents lay waiting on the grass under the regimental colors, watching the cowboys ride their bucking broncos.

"Mr. Platt does not expect much of you," was the gist of the party's message. "The

Note.—The author of this article is responsible for it, no one else; not Governor Roosevelt. And where the Governor is quoted, the sense and spirit of his utterances have been given faithfully, though the exact language may not always have been remembered.—J. L. S.

party needs a leader who can carry the State. After that, the candidate for governor shall be governor."

This was fair.

Then the reformers spoke: "We want to smash Platt. He's down now. One more blow will end him. Take an independent nomination, and the machine will have to support you. You must do so. You are of us, you belong to us. If you don't, you are a ruined man."

This sounded rather like the threatening language of boss-ship.

One day the Colonel walked slowly down over the plain, kicking little stones across the sand and thinking. He had fought hard for reform; he always would. He had stood for it in the city of New York, and the city had turned to Tammany. He owed the city allegiance, but it could not command him to disregard everything else. And since he had served it he had served the nation, which had its claims and its attractions. But to do large things in the nation the individual must act through, for, and with his party.

Was he thinking of the Presidency?

He stopped short. "No, no. Don't ever say that again. I never sought an office. I always wanted a job, for I like work. Do you know, I have been thinking lately that I should like to have a professorship of history in some good college? I'd enjoy that sort of work. Still there is one big public job I'd like to do, a bully big job, and I hope to get it some day, but it is under, much under, that of governing the United States."

Then he walked on, and told what his ambition was, and how he would go about accomplishing the task of its achievement. But long before he approached it there were other things; and these, like that, required organization, party.

Why not be a boss, then, and do something fine in boss-ship?

Again he stopped. "There is a chance for big things there, but they are not for me. I know what I can do, and I know what I can't do. And my limitations end at that. It is impossible, it is unattractive. The cavalry for me, not the engineers."

The Republican party in New York State should stand for the higher interests of the State. It must, for Tammany can win at the Tammany game. All the "cranks," "theorists," "reformers," "kickers," all the "fools" are naturally of the Republican party. It is the problem of the Republican leader to lead all, not some, of these elements, and leadership there must be, since "bossing" will not do. Croker has another problem. He has none of the cranks, etc. He has the ignorant, the selfish, the naturally subordinate minds which need, love, caress a master. Republican politicians in New York State have learned too much politics from the Democrats, and their mistake always has been the application of Tammany methods to a party these do not fit.

Colonel Roosevelt saw not any one great specialized service that he could do to the State by governing it, only the general one of governing well. There was the canal scandal; the Republican superintendence of the Department of Public Works had been extravagant, incompetent, and notoriously corrupt, and the great Erie Canal, which is in this department, was not effectively improved, though nine millions was set aside and spent on it for that purpose.

"I'll stick the knife way into that," the Rough Rider said, "and I'll turn it clear around."

A few other things required vigorous treatment, but nothing lay waiting in the State to compare with the reform of the police department—nothing that was worth risking everything in the world for.

The big thing would be to lead the party to victory; then, as governor, carry out a policy which would be a party policy and would be so plainly, constantly, and bravely for the good of the State that the party would be set solidly down on public confidence. That meant to hold all the elements of the party together: the good—all except the useless asses; the "bad"—all except the incorrigible rascals. The utmost hope would be by thus strengthening the party, with the restoration to it of all the best and most difficult Independents, to prove that, at least for the Republican party of the State of New York, good public service was good practical politics—a policy on which the machine could win.

Colonel Roosevelt decided to accept the party nomination, if it came properly to him, and to decline the independent nomination anyway.

Oh, what a howl there was then! The Independents would not, they declared they could not, believe Mr. Roosevelt would "betray them," put his "neck into Platt's collar," resuscitate the "dead boss," etc., etc. The outcry could be heard at Camp Wikoff; but the Colonel was dictating his report on deficiencies of the Santiago campaign, disbanding his regiment, and writing the story

of the Rough Riders. He paused as he was about to mount his horse for a ride down to the surf for a bath, to say that his friends the enemy forgot that he always had been a party man; that he stuck to the party when he fought hardest for decency in the Legislature; that he voted for Blaine after leading the opposition to him in convention. And when he rode off with his cowboy troopers, he led the laughter.

Then the city wished to know how the nomination would be arranged. Would the boss go to the candidate, or would the candidate go to the boss? Both sides were anxious about this. The Independents said that would be the final humiliation, and the machine men shook their heads solemnly over it. They picked out a tactful man to approach the candidate, who alone thought nothing of this terrible question of etiquette.

This man called on Mr. Roosevelt, and, announcing that the nomination was practically decided upon, asked whether he would call on Mr. Platt in town.

"Of course I will. But why doesn't the Senator come down here and see our camp? He may not have a chance to see such a sight for a generation."

It appeared then that the Senator was a little particular about the etiquette of the matter.

"Oh, well, I'm not. I'll be in New York any time he says after I'm through here."

"What's the difference?" he said afterward. "Can you see how it matters whether I call on Platt or Platt calls on me? I can't. Since I have decided to accept the party nomination and to work with the party and for it, I have to see the leaders. I want to, anyway. For I am acting in good faith. I mean to go as far as I can with them. Of course I may have to break away and fight, and in that case I will fight hard, as they know. But I wish to start fair, give the leaders of the party every possible chance, and see. And mark this now: I'll do much more for Mr. Platt than I'll promise to do. I won't promise anything, but all that I possibly can do for the machine I will. It seems to me that that is no more than honest; it certainly is necessary to the achievement of my hope to strengthen the party by bettering it. See Platt? Yes, I'll see him now, and I'll see him after election; I'll see him when I'm governor."

So when all was arranged, Colonel Roosevelt called publicly on the boss. He went to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and his cab stopped at the main entrance. Some machine men seized him as he stepped out on the curb, and led him surreptitiously off to a by-entrance and up a side stairway. They wished to spare him the publicity, perhaps, of an entrance among the reporters in the main hall; but when he left Mr. Platt, he came down the main stairway and talked with the reporters, greeted some of his Rough Riders, and drove away from the front door.

That first interview with the boss was characteristic of both men. When Mr. Roosevelt entered the room and shook hands with the Senator, he said at once:

"Before you say anything, Mr. Platt, let me say this: that if I accept the nomination of the Republican organization I will stand with the ticket. Any support that is not for the rest of the ticket I will not seek, and an independent nomination of myself without my colleagues I will refuse. Now I am ready to listen."

Mr. Platt paused. But he said the thing that was uppermost in his mind; something of the old enmity.

He wanted Mr. Roosevelt to be the candidate of the party for governor, because he thought Mr. Roosevelt could win. If he thought any other man would run better, he'd take that other man. But he believed Mr. Roosevelt was the leader who could carry the ticket to victory, and he did want this year to win.

Then they talked. Benjamin B. Odell, the Chairman of the State Committee, was there, and Lemuel Ely Quigg, the Chairman of the New York County Committee. They had reports from the districts everywhere showing the conditions which indicated that the party could carry the State, but only by a fight, a hard fight. Most of the returning soldiers were not fit for much more fighting, but a look at Mr. Roosevelt was enough. They laughed. He was ready for another campaign.

The conference was going off smoothly. But the conditions! Mr. Platt asked that the governor would give him an opportunity to express his views on any important matter that came up before deciding upon it.

Mr. Roosevelt said certainly he would; he would always listen to anything Mr. Platt had to say about any act of his. He would give a hearing to any party leader. But, if he was elected governor, he would be governor.

The Senator said of course. He would have no respect for Mr. Roosevelt if he were not the governor.

That was all.

Then happened one of those surprising disappointments of politics which make sceptics of good men and try the courage of the strong. When Mr. Roosevelt came out of that conference and walked down into the crowd in the hotel lobby, he was elated that his old party opponents had accepted him on the strength of his character. They had exacted no pledges; they had suggested none. Nothing had been breathed or hinted to make either him or his friends regret that he had gone there. He meant to act fairly by these politicians whom he had antagonized in the past; but he could not, would not, tell them this. That they did not ask him to say so, but took him on faith, was a gratifying compliment to his self-respect. It showed that they believed they knew him well enough to foresee what he would do and what he would not do, without saying a word about it.

There was no reason why they should not. His life had been a public career from the year he left college. But if his enemies trusted him, why should not his friends? The Independents, the reformers, the "better element" had a personal acquaintance with him, the intimacy of which should have made them surer than this boss of his sense of dignity and decency. Indeed, if the boss had expressed a distrust and asked a pledge, though Mr. Roosevelt would have left the room and quit the business altogether, he would have been able to understand the psychology of the insult. He might even have called it natural.

It was not the boss, however, who offered the insult, but those others. When he walked out into the street rejoicing over the outcome of his visit, he heard the uproar of reproach, and he saw that it came from his old political allies. They wanted to know what had been said, they wanted to know how he could have brought himself to "see Platt." They drew back from him and asked what kind of a man Croker would offer them. Of course Croker's man would be Croker's man, and Croker named his candidate, a Van Wyck, who, though a judge, was taken by the boss because, being a brother of Mayor Van Wyck and like him in character, he would probably prove as satisfactory to a boss. And many of the Independents said "a Van Wyck" was good.

It is true most of these political friends of Mr. Roosevelt did in the end vote the Republican ticket, but they did not help his canvass. It was to be a hard campaign, and they started it off with their backs for a damper. Those who supported him did so in a way that hurt more than it helped him. "We'll have to vote for him," they said. "There's nothing else for us to do. But it is hard, and we cannot advise others to follow our example."

So the campaign began coldly, with the candidate standing alone among the strangers of yesterday, the politicians of his party and their leaders. It looked as though defeat were ahead of Mr. Roosevelt, and he was bitterly disappointed. But the Rough Rider soon remembered that, if defeat had to come, it was distant a month or more and that in the mean time there was a chance for a fight. That cheered him up. He went to Benjamin B. Odell, the Chairman of the Republican State Committee, and asked to be allowed to stump the State. Mr. Odell did not like the idea. A candidate who goes about making speeches is apt to say something which will hurt somebody's feelings and give the other party a chance to make points. The district leaders throughout the State, however, began to send in reports which changed Mr. Odell's view. There was apathy everywhere, and it appeared that, if victory was possible at all, the Rough Rider personally would have to win it, for he alone would be able to warm the rank and file to enthusiasm. So Mr. Roosevelt was allowed to go his way.

He stumped the State up and down and across and zigzag, speaking by day from the end of his special train and at night at mass-meetings, in the towns and cities. A promise of good government was his principal theme. Most of his speeches were pleas for the public confidence which had always been his. Twenty times a day he referred to the canal scandal, and he said that he would punish the corruptionists of the Public Works Department. But he had to depend for the most part on his appeal to the people to trust him to be what he had been before.

The only special incident of his campaign which helped him was the nomination of Judge Joseph F. Daly to be reëlected Judge of the Supreme Court—and this had a sequel. Daly was a Democrat, and had long been on the bench. The New York bar petitioned both parties to nominate him, but his own party refused because Daly had declined to remove, at the request of Richard Croker, a clerk of good service and abilities, to make way for a friend of the boss. Mr. Roosevelt made very effective use of this as an instance of the encroachment of the boss power upon the courts, which last of all should be touched by any influence that

would diminish public faith in ultimate justice. Even this, however, was more forcible in the city, where Judge Daly sat and was known, and Tammany had the city sure. In the country, where Mr. Roosevelt made his fight, it was his personality that counted; and it did count. The campaign which began so gloomily brightened up as the Rough Rider went on, and toward the end there was genuine enthusiasm. The bets that had been at odds against him changed, till a few days before election (November 8th) they were ten to seven in his favor, and then most of the Democrats' stakes were put up to affect public opinion and influence doubtful voters.

The whole Republican ticket was elected, but Mr. Roosevelt ran ahead of the other candidates. He had 661,707 against 643,921 for Van Wyck, a plurality of 17,786. The next highest plurality was 15,839, the lowest 8,664.

Mr. Platt said: "I feel that Colonel Roosevelt deserves all honor and credit for the victory in the State, for I am certain that he is the only man who could have carried our standard to victory this year. The Republicans of New York State are indebted to Colonel Roosevelt in no small degree for our splendid triumph to-day, and he has my heartiest congratulation and best wishes."

The moment the result was known, the interest in the relations of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Platt intensified. Governor Frank S. Black had begun his term by consulting the boss and obeying him, and now at the end he and Mr. Platt were strangers, political foes. Mr. Black's friends, Mr. Platt's, and Mr. Roosevelt's almost all agreed that the new governor would succeed no better than the old in keeping peace with the boss. Mr. Roosevelt himself was not very hopeful, but he was cheerful; for, as he said in the first post-election days, he was trying, in good faith, to serve both the State and the party, and, as he had declared at Montauk, he believed sincerely that these were not only compatible, but identical. At any rate, he would stand for the State, so that whatever happened that should not suffer; and if the party did not prosper, it should not be for lack of a good administration.

Part of this universal scepticism about the durability of such an alliance was due to the supposed character of the new governor. People who do not know him personally think he is quarrelsome, egoistic, headstrong, self-sufficient, and unthinking. He is a fighter, but he is more wary of entrance to a quarrel than any self-respecting man I know; it is only when "being in" that he bears it as Polonius advises. One of his faults is his openness to the counsel of others. But here again, and in the matter of thinking, he is two personalities in one—the first slow, reflective, open-minded; the other quick, reckless, and set. He gives time to making a decision; after he has settled upon a course, he ceases to be a man of thought and becomes altogether the man of action, the character, naturally enough, in which he is most widely known.

So far, as governor he has appeared in the other character. He himself says the deliberate side predominates now, and I infer from some of his remarks about his experiences in the war, that he thinks fighting under arms altered him in some essential way. Once in arguing with him about a certain public measure he had determined upon, I exclaimed:

"That's right, Governor."

"It is not only right," he answered quickly, "it is wise. I'm a changed man."

But I will leave it to Mr. Platt whether the change isn't only one of proportion, not of fundamentals. The Senator knows that the fighting man in Colonel Roosevelt was not fought out on San Juan Hill. He and the Governor have not "split" yet (March 18th), despite some of the interesting reports that they had; but they have seen fight in each other's eyes. However, this is a story of peace.

The Governor-elect began at once to do what he said privately at Montauk that he would do—more for Mr. Platt than he would promise him. He recognized in the Senator the head of the regular party organization, and, after his Cuban experience and his campaign for governor, Mr. Roosevelt acknowledged respectfully the first-rate fighting qualities of the regulars. But the volunteers also had their good points, so the Governor-elect asked Seth Low as well as Senator Platt to advise him. Others also were invited to the first council—Benjamin B. Odell, who is the executive head of the State machine; Elihu Root, an able lawyer; Joseph H. Choate, and some more. This was good politics, for it brought together all wings of the party, and the Governor-elect, being for the first time a straight-out party man, sought the unification of all the elements in it.

Right at the start Mr. Roosevelt declared the first principle of his dealings with these party leaders. Governor Black not only refused to make some of the appointments the

boss asked; he chose men with a following, to the end that they would in their grateful allegiance to him be Black men. That is to say, he undertook to build up a machine of his own. His success was not great. His party group was not strong enough to renominate him, but it was distinct enough to vote for him in the convention with uncompromising loyalty.

Mr. Roosevelt was the leader of no wing of the party, and when he said at Montauk that he could not be a boss, he meant also that he would not try to be. This was not because he was not ambitious.

"I should like at the end of my first term," he said one day, "to be renominated and reëlected; but it must be on my own terms. If the machine shall wish to defeat me, however, it will be able to do so, and I shall not grieve or regret it. I shall have no rival machine to oppose it. It cannot have all its men appointed. But whenever I reject its nominations and take other men, they will not be mine. They will simply be better men than the leaders found, and, if they have any party services to render, I do and shall refer them to the organization that represents the party. I am the Governor of the State of New York, and all I care for is to have an administration that will be an honor to my name, a service to the State, and a credit to the party."

Another principle which the Governor laid down for his own guidance in machine politics was to stand, not for the appointment of men of his own selection, but simply for good men, better than those he removed. The only exceptions he made to this rule were in the departments or places where, either because very bad work had been done in them or extraordinary duties remained in them to be done, exceptional qualifications were needed. In such cases the Governor has not allowed the machine to have a voice in appointments, and he has sought out his own men. But as an offset he has given over to the machine all the unimportant minor positions and, under some restrictions, many of the secondary departments.

The Department of Public Works, which had been conducted to the disgrace of the party, was one of the places he kept for himself. That was to be cleaned out; and since party politicians were pretty sure to be injured by exposures and possibly prosecutions, a courageous man was needed for superintendent; and since this necessary reorganization was a tremendous work, the superintendent had to be able. Mr. Platt had a candidate for the place, but the Governor would not consider him. He went about among the greatest engineers in the State trying to induce them to give up private enterprises worth twenty thousand and fifty thousand dollars a year to take the State's seven thousand. They refused; but the Governor finally induced Colonel J. M. Partridge, a man of great executive ability, to undertake the job. Likewise the post of adjutant-general was important. General Tillinghast, who held it during the war, had blundered so badly that the State militia was disorganized. The Governor took this matter into his own hands by appointing Major-General Roe to the command, Avery D. Andrews to be Adjutant-General. Mr. Andrews is a Democrat, but he is a graduate of West Point; and as for his personal and political character, the Governor had learned all about that in the New York City police board, where they had served together as commissioners. Again, in the appointment of a surrogate of New York County the Governor went beyond the machine. Edward J. Fallows, a young assemblyman who had practised in the court, knew that one of the branches was corrupted, and he headed a legislative committee which proved his allegations publicly. The Tammany surrogate resigned, and the Governor, who had himself as a young assemblyman exposed the same court, backed up Mr. Fallows by insisting upon appointing to the bench a man of his own choosing. The machine had its man, and the machine "demanded" his appointment; but the Governor quietly nominated James M. Varnum, and the Senate as quietly approved.

The machine accepted all these independent acts of the Governor, and in at least two cases, those of Colonel Partridge and Surrogate Varnum, Mr. Platt said the men chosen against his wishes were his men. And in a way he spoke truly, for they certainly were no other man's men, and the Governor advised all his appointees to adopt his rule of relationship with the machine. He consulted Mr. Platt, and so might they. He disregarded the boss, if necessary, when anything large was at stake, and rendered unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's. The point was to do the utmost for the State and the party, and to that end the whole administration had to work together—Governor, heads of departments, and the Legislature, which, being regular Republican, was the machine's.

The only time the boss and the Governor disagreed hopelessly over an appointment

was when a Democratic justice of the Supreme Court, Judge Morgan J. O'Brien, talked of resigning. Mr. Roosevelt thought at once of Judge Daly, the Democrat whom the Republican party had renominated for the bench at the request of the New York bar. Daly had been defeated, and here was an opportunity to appoint him and show that the party was sincere in its declaration for a free bench. But the bar had urged also the nomination on both tickets of Justice Cohen; the Democrats had rejected him, and the Republicans had accepted him. Judge Cohen likewise had been defeated, and Mr. Platt urged him for Judge O'Brien's place. When two candidates were equally worthy, surely the Republican should be preferred, he argued, and the Governor personally rather preferred Cohen. But the principle of nonpartisanship on the bench would be more emphatically illustrated by the choice of Daly, and the Governor decided to appoint him.

This decision the Governor conveyed to Mr. Platt one evening in December. They were to meet the next morning, and, in order to keep the Daly-Cohen controversy off the table, the Governor sent word that he had made up his mind about it. Just what was done that night I do not assume to know, but Mr. Platt and some of his friends were up quite late, and before the meeting next day it became known that Mr. Croker, who hated Daly and was interested, for the sake of discipline, in the punishment of a judge who disobeyed him, had persuaded Judge O'Brien to withdraw his resignation. Of course the inference was that Mr. Platt had passed on to Mr. Croker the Governor-elect's decision, and that the Tammany boss took the hint and kept his judge on the bench. There is nothing a politician enjoys more than a "move" of this sort, and when Mr. Platt was asked if he had inspired it he winked wickedly and smiled.

And Mr. Roosevelt—he laughed outright when he was told. He knew how the politician loved the sensation of driving a knife into a man's back, and he said: "They can beat me at that game every time. I never look under the table when I play, and I never shall. Face to face I can defend myself and make a pretty good fight, but any weakling can murder me. Remember this, however, that if I am hit that way very often I will take to the open, and the blows from the dark will only help me in an out-and-out battle."

The Daly controversy was ended, of course; but it served a good end. It put the Rough Rider on his guard. He dropped it out of sight, however, and went on telling his political allies all that was in his mind, what he would and what he would not do, giving his confidence in perfect good faith and assuming honesty and fair play. But he foresaw that, if the fight should come, the first blow would come unawares, and would catch him in the space between his shoulder-blades.

It was thought and said that this thrust was delivered in the Legislature. In the period between November 8, 1898, and January 1, 1899, the policy of the party as to legislation was, of course, frequently discussed at the meetings of the Governor and Messrs. Platt, Odell, and Seth Low. At first the Governor and the machine leaders were far apart. For instance, Mr. Roosevelt wished to have passed a civil-service bill which should "put back the starch" that Governor Black had had taken out of the law on this subject. Mr. Platt opposed any change in the Black or "starchless" law. On the other hand, Mr. Platt was set on a police bill which should loosen Tammany's grip upon the New York City police department. Mr. Roosevelt was opposed to any interference by the State in the purely local affairs of the city.

Now Mr. Roosevelt had a peculiar interest in police affairs. His administration of the police department had brought into it and up out of the vileness of it a set of men who had caught some of his spirit. There were honest, enthusiastically loyal patrolmen, and among the officers a few had either "reformed" or pretended to; they at least were doing what the Governor used to call "straight police duty." The moment Tammany recovered control, these officers were sent off to the country precincts, while the rascals who had been dismissed the force and barely escaped prison were promoted to the highest places. The men in the lower grades were "pounded"—that is to say, they were shifted about from Coney Island to Kingsbridge, as far as possible from their homes, and, when they moved their families to Kingsbridge, they were "fired back to Coney" or Staten Island. Good police service was punished. This is no exaggeration. Tammany requires good political service, and the discipline of gross injustice and petty abuse was applied to teach the police force that "reform" does not pay, whereas corruption and blackmail bring the highest rewards.

Mr. Roosevelt knew all about this. The

men who suffered told him their stories, and other witnesses whom he had trusted at the police headquarters reported it to him. His old friends of police days begged him to lay an iron hand on the department, but he would not. The city had chosen the Tammany rule—let the city abide by its choice. He was concerned about the men on the force who were known as "Roosevelt men," and if he had been anything of the boss he would have cared, for political reasons, to foster his party or following on the force. But he never seemed to think of this. He ground his teeth over the persecutions of the honest fellows, and he laid away a hope that later on he would have the right to help them. Tammany, if left free to do its worst, might make the city turn to him, and always he said the city was a part of the State. "Home rule" was no fetich for him. Now, however, his demesne was the State at large, and the city should work out its own salvation. He would not investigate, he would not consent to a reorganization law, nothing to check police excesses.

Mr. Platt urged and the other machine leaders grumbled, but none of their schemes found favor with the Governor till Elihu Root stepped in and drew a bill to abolish the bi-partisan board of police and turn over all the power of four commissioners to one single head, who was to be appointed by the Mayor, but was to be removable by the Governor if the police were allowed to interfere in elections. This attracted the Governor. The Mayor was a Tammany man. He would name a police commissioner who would give Tammany absolute control, and leave it free to do its very worst. At the same time it would give the Governor the right to prevent the abuse of police power for political purposes, which affected the State and the nation. This bill, moreover, would make it certain that, if the city of New York should elect a good Republican mayor, he could appoint to the police department a man who would have sufficient power to clean it out from top to bottom, without having to fight or compromise with three other commissioners of various degrees of ability and morality.

Mr. Platt accepted this bill. Mr. Roosevelt liked it immensely. It was introduced, and with it went a civil-service bill, both of which were to be party measures. The Republicans had a large majority in the Assembly, but the Senate was theirs by only two votes, and it soon developed that four Republican senators were opposed to the police bill. A caucus was held, and these men bolted. It was time for the party whip, but none was applied. The police bill was "dead," the civil-service bill was "asleep in committee," and, when Congress adjourned, Senator Platt went to Florida to rest.

"Ha, ha," said the Black men. "What did we tell you? If Platt wanted those bills to pass, they would pass."

There is an alternative. Senator Platt has tried in the past to beat two of the objecting senators in their home districts; but they have won out over him, and they are really independent. They trade their votes freely, and they work with the Democrats, who, unfortunately, in New York State, are almost always able to buy up as many Republicans as they want in an emergency. So it may be that Mr. Platt is boss only when it is easy to boss (he has called himself the "easy boss"), and that he is "pulling straight" as hard as he can. He came back from the South in time to try pressure at Albany, and he said he meant to apply it.

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II.

I.—THE LOON.

At some far time,
This water sprite
A brother to the coyote must have been.
For when the sun is set,
Forth from the failing light
His harsh cries fret
The silence of the night,
And the hid wolf answers with a wailing keen.

II.—CAMP FIRES.

1. Popple.

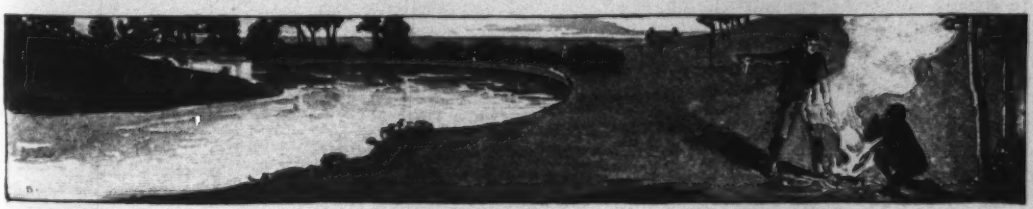
A river curves like a bended bow,
And over it winds of summer lightly blow;
Two boys are feeding a flame with bark
Of the pungent popple. Hark!
They are uttering dreams. "I
Will go hunt gold towards the western sky,"
Says the older lad; "I know it is there,
For the rainbow shows just where
It is. I'll go camping, and take a pan,
And shovel gold, when I'm a man."

2. Sage Brush.

The burning day draws near its end,
And on the plain a man and his friend
Sit feeding an odorous sage-brush fire.
A lofty butte like a funeral pyre,
With the sun atop, looms high
In the cloudless, windless, saffron sky.
A snake sleeps under a grease-wood plant;
A horned toad snaps at a passing ant;
The plain is void as a polar floe,
And the limitless sky has a furnace glow.
The men are gaunt and shaggy and gray,
And their childhood river is far away;
The gold still hides at the rainbow's tip,
Yet the wanderer speaks with a resolute lip.
"I will seek till I find—or till I die,"
He mutters, and lifts his clenched hand high,
And puts behind him love and wife,
And the quiet round of a farmer's life

3. Pine.

The dark day ends in a bitter night.
The mighty mountains, cold and white
And stern as avarice, still hide their gold
Deep in wild cañons fold on fold.
Both men are old, and one is grown
As gray as the snows around him sown.
He hovers over a fire of pine,
Spicy and cheering; toward the line
Of the towering peaks he lifts his eyes.
"I'd rather have a boy with shining hair,
To bear my name, than all your share
Of earth's red gold," he said;
And died, a loveless, childless man,
Before the morning light began.



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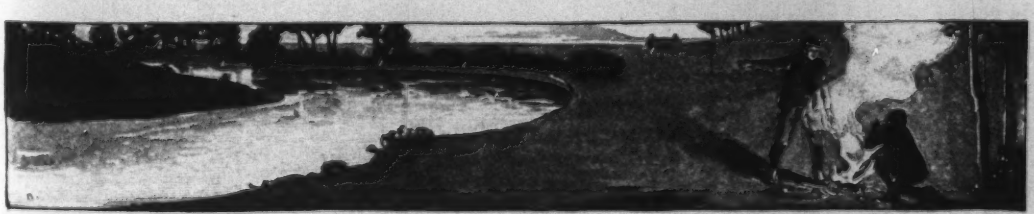
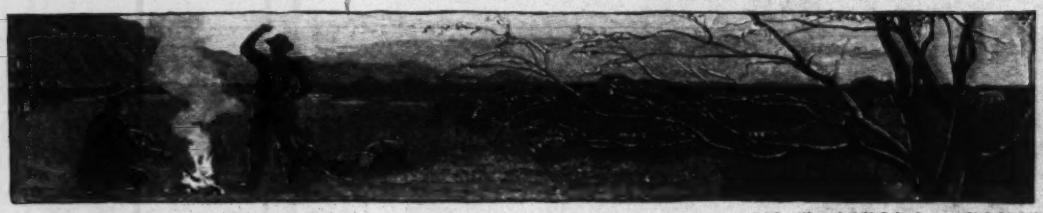


"'I'll go camping . . . and shovel gold.'"



"'I will seek till I find—or till I die.'"

III.—O THE FIERCE DELIGHT!

O THE fierce delight, the passion
That comes from the wild
Where the rains and the snows go over,
And man is a child!

Go, set your face to the open,
And lay your breast to the blast,
When the pines are rocking and groaning,
And the rent clouds tumble past.

Go swim the streams of the mountains,
Where the gray-white waters are mad;
Go set your foot on the summit,
And shout and be glad!

IV.—RELENTLESS NATURE.

SHE laid her rivers to snare us,
She set her snows to chill,
Her clouds had the cunning of vultures,
Her plants were charged to kill.
The glooms of her forests benumbed us,
On the slime of her ledges we sprawled;
But we set our feet to the northward,
And crawled and crawled and crawled!
We defied her, and cursed her, and shouted,
"To hell with your rain and your snow.
Our minds we have set on a journey,
And despite of your anger we go!"

V.—A MOUNTAIN PASS.

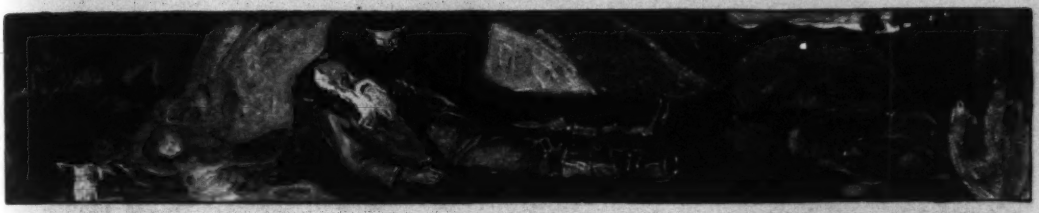
IT is a grim and grievous way!
Its bulbous ledges, cold and gray,
Lie naked to the light of day,
And every word the water saith
Is bitter, and the breezes' breath
Is rotten with the reek of death.

Along the gray-green granite wall
The sea's dank vapors snake-like crawl,
And hide each roaring waterfall.
And when the winter winds are high,
The ghosts of murdered horses cry,
And on the snows go rushing by.
God's curse is on it and on those
Who forced their gaunt beasts through the snows;
And men shall answer for their woes.

VI.—THE END OF THE TRAIL.

HERE the trail ends—Here by a river
So swifter, and darker, and colder
Than any we crossed on our long, long way.
Steady, Dan, steady. Ho, there, my dapple,
You first from the saddle shall slip and be free.
Now go, you are clear from command of a master;
Go wade in the grasses, go munch at the grain.
I love you, my faithful, but all is now over;
Ended the comradeship held 'twixt us twain.
I go to the river and the wide lands beyond it,
You go to the pasture, and death claims us all.
For here the trail ends!

Here the trail ends!
Draw near with the bronchos.
Slip the hitch, loose the cinches,
Slide the saw-bucks away from each worn, weary back.
We are done with the ax, the camp, and the kettle;
Strike hand to each cayuse and send him away.
Let them go where the roses and grasses are growing,
To the meadows that slope to the warm western sea.
No more shall they serve us; no more shall they suffer
The sting of the lash, the heat of the day.
Soon they will go to a winterless haven,
To the heaven of beasts, where none may enslave.
For here the trail ends!



"He died, a loveless, childless man."

Here the trail ends.
Never again shall the far-shining mountains allure us;
No more shall the icy, mad torrents appal.
Fold up the sling ropes, coil down the cinches,
Cache the saddles, and put the brown bridles away.
Not one of the roses of Navajo silver,
Not even a spur shall we save from the rust.
Put away the worn tent-cloth, let the red people have it;
We are done with all shelter, we are done with the gun.
Not so much as a pine branch, not even a willow
Shall swing in the air 'twixt us and our God.
Naked and lone we cross the wide ferry,
Bare to the cold, the dark, and the rain.
For here the trail ends.

Here the trail ends. Here by the landing
I wait the last boat, the slow silent one.
We each go alone—no man with another,
Each into the gloom of the swift black flood.
Boys, it is hard, but here we must scatter;
The gray boatman waits, and I—I go first.
All is dark over there where the dim boat is rocking—
But that is no matter! no man need to fear;
For clearly we're told the powers that lead us
Shall govern the game to the end of the day.
Good-by—here the trail ends!

The end of the trail.

IN MISSOURI.

By Henri Bronson and Viola Roseboro'.

THERE were more battles fought in Missouri during the first year of the Civil War than in any other State in the Union, and the conflict was the fiercer because the men who fought knew each other—knew the stubborn valor and the unconquerable will of enemies who had been their friends and neighbors.

It was in the midst of this fierce, close death-struggle that the lovers whose history is here brokenly outlined came into that inheritance which, though rarely indeed it happens so, may sweeten our sad human life to the end. Young lovers all but always imagine that their love is for them the supremely important thing in the universe; but in the rushing, maddening throbs of the great days of 1861 these two, in the very hour of their betrothal, were lifted to heights of impersonal emotion that made their fate look a little thing. But life and love are never so thrilling as when existence itself is held but as an imperiled stake in a great cause, and for them life and love rose now to flood-tide height.

Major McIntyre, a veteran of the Mexican War, and his three sons—Georgia's father and her brothers—were already gone to join the wonderful army which flew together at the call of Sterling Price, when Paul Campbell kissed his sweetheart good-by and rode after them. Major McIntyre was made colonel of an infantry regiment, his sons serving under him; and Paul Campbell won the captaincy of a company of cavalry—for the very reason that half the lads who formed it cherished a romantic devotion to Georgia McIntyre, and in the high spirit of their young chivalry joyed in ratifying her choice of their bravest and best.

It fell out that the first battle Paul's regiment saw, and one of the first fought in the State, took place near the McIntyre homestead. General Price hurried a portion of his half-formed command to this Western country where a body of Federal troops were operating, and after a skirmish, late one spring afternoon, the two little armies went into position for the decisive action of the next day.

Captain Campbell, coming on the field with his company as that day broke, riding along behind the battle line, saw, sitting upon her big horse and darkly outlined against the brightening sky, Georgia. With bared head he rode toward her, the dawn wind blowing back his brown curls, his clean-cut boyish face solemnly alight, and his blue eyes growing bluer: the build and the carriage and the face of him all spoke of pride of character—perhaps more of pride than of deep-based strength to back it; but the pride was still unbowed and unsullied, making for all things honorable, and in his slim, haughty youth he looked the fit mate for the sword at his side.

Georgia bent down to speak to a passing soldier, a man who had never seen her before, but he stood uncovered, poised as if eager to do her bidding. Of course, the woman-worship he was bred to counted for something in this expression; but there was an aura of womanhood about the girl that must have made even men of quite other ideas feel that she was one it was a duty and a privilege to serve and to protect. She was a supple, slim-waisted, deep-breasted creature, who, as seen upon her horse that morning, might have brought the thought that here in the bud was a woman fit to mother a mighty race. But if you had come close enough to look into the dark oval of her face, you would have forgotten everything but its mystical, still exaltation and the wonder of her tender, large-irised, midnight eyes. Only her eyes seemed to count in Georgia's beauty, though all was well enough, and the flower-curved mouth exquisite. The glory and gloom of the eyes preoccupied attention; they varied, to be sure, with each light and shadow passing over her soul, and the deeper, darker emotions had dilated them not often in her short life. Yet always a capacity for suffering lay in their depths, and appealed to all to be good to her.

She lifted her head when Paul spoke to her as to a greeting expected, and stretched forth her little gauntleted hand with a half manly directness that gave the last touch of

sweetness to her utter femininity. Their words were very few and simple. After an instant's silent gaze, Georgia asked where was her father's regiment. He told her that it was posted on the extreme right, and as his own company had just been ordered to cover the right flank of the command, they rode across the field together.

The forces lay on the low hills on either side a small creek, the right flank of the Confederates resting at a point where the stream made a sharp bend and widened out into a swamp. On the hill beyond, the bugles called the men in blue from the ground where they had lain. The drums beat, and the standard-bearers took their places, and as the Stars and Stripes were unfurled the Federal soldiers occupied the ground on the crest of the hill marked by the flag of their country. That crest they were to hold against the swelling crowd on the other side of the creek, where men and more men were coming together from every direction. Theirs seemed a thin line of blue and steel, but it was a well-formed line, well armed, and well equipped, and occupying a strong position, and the men wheeled into their formation with a coolness and precision little below that of veterans, though none of them had been in the service three months and most of them had never seen a battlefield before. Their appearance was strikingly different from that of the men on the other side. These were collected in crowds that had little about them of military precision; and they were not in uniform, but wore the clothes they had had on when they left their fields and shops and offices, altered only by hard marching and rough camping. Their arms were as various—shotguns, rifles, and old muskets; but they were ready to shorten the range and make this pitiful armament terrible. But strangest of all was their formation. Three lines of battle there were; the first under the direction of officers some of whom had been trained at West Point. It was composed of those who had guns of some sort, a motley crew with only what General Sigel at Springfield called a "worm-fence formation," though, to be sure, he found it there more like a stone wall before he fled before it. Just back of that another, stranger still, was, without officers, bringing itself awkwardly into shape: a line it was

"He cast a startled, questioning look at Georgia as he passed her."

such as has been rarely, indeed, heard of in history, a line almost as strong in numbers as the one in front, and made of just such stalwart fighters, but fighters without arms. Patient and grim they must wait; they were there to take the guns and the places of the wounded and the dead as they fell. But the third line! Nothing like it had ever been seen before since men first made war. Stretched out behind the others, a short distance to the rear, was a long array of women, watchful, faithful, the mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts of the men before them, and with them standing between the enemy and their homes. They were as firm and almost as stalwart as the men as they stood there in the drifting dust of the road, some barefooted, in sun-bonnets and calico gowns; some better clothed, some rich, many poor; all there to do their part, to succor suffering and to sanctify death. None of them dreamed of their men faltering before the foe; they were not there to keep them true; but no man, however stricken by the horror of deadly danger, would ever dare to face that line. As they stood there waiting for the slain—but not the recreant—they were a reserve guard none could break.

Perhaps from the evanescence of human life springs always the flower of its poetry; but as Paul and Georgia rode among them, love and youth shone more bubble-like than ever before to men who were themselves to die within the hour.

Colonel McIntyre, his big, gaunt figure rising above the crowd, saw the pair, and waved his sword to them.

"If you ride up there at once you'll have time, dear, to speak to him," said Paul.

"No," she answered; "I'd like to, but I'll not disturb him now. I only want to be as near him and the boys as I can. I'll stay with the women over there by that tree, till"—the soft voice vibrated but the more harp-like as, after an instant's break, she finished her sentence—"till we are needed." Then her dark eyes deepening, "And you, Paul, where will you be?"

"Just over there at the end of your father's line"—the masculine thrill of combat leaped in his tenor tone—"but remember not to come near the rear of the cavalry; wounded and frightened horses will make the place too dangerous. And you must not stay on your horse; hitch him near you where you can get him in an instant. And now, my love, good-by."

Again she laid her hand, bare now, in his. "Come to me, send for me—" she began, and could say no more.

"If there is time, sweetheart."

"God bless and protect you, dear, and prosper you against the enemy." Her tone was clear and major again. With a touch and a gesture, grave and brave, she sent him from her. "Good-by, and good-by, Paul," she called beneath her breath as the first fire opened against the Confederate center.

The women made ready for their labors, and had not long to wait. As the golden day waxed, the black conflict roared louder, and the women grew busier, and the country doctors acting as surgeons must needs work faster. No one had time to note the progress of the fight; surging backward and forward, it had swung a little away from them, a little to the left.

Georgia had seen men she knew brought in, her family's friends and an old playmate of her own; but from her father and brothers and lover she had heard nothing. There was no time to ask questions, and she worked on as steadily as if she were a strong woman inured to horrors; but she was, indeed, only a high-hearted child, and every hour of this fearful strain was wearing away the strength that controlled her.

Presently her youngest brother, the one nearest herself in age, was brought to her insensible. With cold hands she washed the blood from a wound in his head. As she bandaged it, he opened his eyes, asked her for water, and, drinking it, caught at a fence hard by, and staggered to his feet. He could tell her little about the others, only that the Colonel was unharmed a while ago, and that Chester had been hit hours before, but not hurt much, and had gone on fighting.

"Let me go, sister; I've got to go," he was saying, when he interrupted himself. "Hello! What's that? What's Paul Campbell doing?"

There was a queer, sharp note in his voice, and Georgia wheeled to look, with her hand quick pressed to her breast. Captain Campbell's company had disappeared, and Paul himself was flying down the road, bearing backward to where the wounded lay. He was covered with dust and grime and blood, cap and coat gone, sword and scabbard thrown away, and on foot he was running hard, and stooping under the embankment to protect himself from the Federal fire. As he swerved directly toward the brother and sister, he shouted something, and as he came closer, with failing breath he cried:

"THE OLD COLONEL HAD HER IN HIS ARMS WHEN HER LOVER . . . SPRANG TO HIS SIDE."

"My company has been cut to pieces by the artillery. My horse is killed. I must have another. You are in no danger now—Georgia, can I take yours? Where is he? Yes, I see."

Georgia had pointed to where the horse was tied, her eyes not swerving from his. He had only slackened his pace as he spoke, and now he ran to the horse, tore off the side-saddle, threw himself across its back, and flew down the road without another word, only he cast a startled, questioning look at Georgia as he passed her. But she had turned to her brother as a dead woman walking might move, and the forecast of pain that had always haunted her beautiful eyes was fulfilled in the anguish that dilated them now.

"Tell me, Charley, what does it mean? Is it true?" Her voice was the dead woman's voice, only her eyes could express the depth of her living agony.

"It must be," the dazed, inexperienced boy answered her; "but I would not have believed it if I had not seen it."

"Is every one running, Charley? Is father

dead, and the boys? They would not run. Is it all over, Charley? What does it mean?"

"It means that Paul Campbell has broken down into a coward, and is the first and only man to run this day. Let him go and save himself. I'll find him yet, and so help me God, I'll kill him for making my sister look like that. Let him go, sister, he's not worth your grief!" So the boy unwittingly mocked her. "Now these other fellows need you, and I must go back," and with that he kissed her and was gone. Georgia did not even look after him; she was gazing down the road to the left where Paul had disappeared. Stumbling against a bucket of water, she stooped and dipped herself a drink. She turned her head this way and that before she started, with a rapid, wavering step, toward the front, where the battle was raging. "I must see father; I must find father," she whispered to herself.

In the meantime Captain Campbell had turned to the right, and approaching the line again, rode up to where General Price, on his horse, was watching the conflict. Saluting and speaking rapidly, he said: "General, my company, which was covering our right flank, has been cut to pieces by the Federal artillery. Those that are left are fighting on foot under Colonel McIntyre. Our right flank is uncovered and exposed, and I am ordered by Colonel McIntyre to ask you to send a company of cavalry or a battery to protect it before it is turned by the enemy. The danger is great and the time short."

Quietly enough the General looked at the blackened, disheveled figure. He stroked his long white mustache as he said: "You seem to have been where it was pretty hot, Captain; you've had hard fighting on the right. Is McIntyre still holding his position?"

"His regiment has drifted to the left, but his lines are unbroken; but now there is a gap between him and the swamp through which the enemy might charge."

"He must extend his line to the right and cover the gap to the swamp. I have no reinforcements to send him. Everything is engaged. He must hold on the best he can. Tell him so, and tell him from me that he and his command have distinguished themselves this day, and he has my thanks and consideration. You see the horses those youngsters are holding over there? You may have them, and mount all those unarmed fellows that you can; take them back with you. They'll look like fresh cavalry. That's all I can do for you, but maybe you'll be able to save the flank and win the battle with them."

The awful courage of that unarmed reinforcement did indeed deceive the Union officers. As the Federal forces were reaching out to charge and crush the right wing, they saw the ground reoccupied, and checked the movement, thinking their opportunity had passed. The battery that had destroyed Campbell's company had been hurried off to another quarter; for the time the threatened flank was safe, and Campbell hastened to make his report to Colonel McIntyre. The veteran was cheering on and directing his men; they were fighting desperately under a murderous fire; he was galloping along the rear of his line as Campbell came toward him, and at almost the same moment both men saw a vision fantastic and dreadful: Georgia was rushing, stumbling, running through the very heart of the battlefield. She gave the whole mad scene the unreality of a dream. As she drew near her father, both men saw her reel and fall, throwing up her little white hands as she went down. The old Colonel had her in his arms when her lover alighted and sprang to his side. She had been shot in the side of the head, and the blood was streaming over her bosom. As her father raised her, she looked at him, and then she turned her tragic eyes on Paul, but only for a moment. "Oh, father," she moaned, "let him live, live long, for he's afraid to die. Charley would have killed him, but Charley's dead now. Charley wasn't afraid—I'm glad to go. But O God, let him live, he's afraid to die!" And with that she passed away, and her lover stood there helpless against the mistake of the dead. Had she found her father sooner, he could have given her back her happiness, even though he had failed to save her life; but she came first on Charley, wounded again and dying, and she had stayed to the end with him.

Paul Campbell was thanked and cheered and promoted. He became colonel of a regiment known as the most terrible fighters of Jeff Thompson's terrible brigade. And afterward, with Wheeler, with Mosby, in the awful final struggle on the James, and all during the bloody time between, Campbell's cavalry dared everything and feared nothing. When he reached the James, all who had left Missouri with him were gone, and still the man who had led all those dead men with a recklessness even beyond their own lived on.

In 1879 an old fellow, afterward known as Jack Hall, drifted into a Missouri village upon the Gasconade. He got possession of a dilapidated cabin on the edge of the hamlet, and lived there fifteen years, solitary, friendless. He had no visible excuse for existence, and made none. He was held to be a common nuisance because he never worked, and a drunkard because he drank much whisky, though if he was ever drunk no one knew it.

One summer morning in 1894 it was noticed that there was some kind of a flag floating over old Jack's cabin. Two ex-Confederate soldiers lounging around the railway station had the curiosity to go nearer the place to see what it was. A newly erected pole bore an old Confederate battle-flag flying at half-mast. Those old soldiers looked long at the flag they had followed through victory and through defeat, and wondered. The cabin door was closed. They leaned upon a rail-fence, and talked it over, unconsciously hushing their voices. It was a strange sight, that long-forsaken, well-loved banner rising out of the buried past and floating there in the living air and sun.

The news of it spread, and men gathered to gaze. After a while Captain Ramsey, once a Confederate cavalry officer, and two men who had served under him left the little crowd that had collected along the track, and made their way across the rough common to the hut. They hailed the owner two or three times, Missouri fashion, before they knocked. They got no answer. They tried the door; it was unfastened, and they went in. All was clean and orderly, and in the midst of the room was a small platform like a couch; upon it lay something covered by another bullet-tattered flag. Reverently they lifted the ragged colors and looked, just as in times gone they had looked so often, upon a dead Confederate soldier. He wore the full uniform of a colonel of cavalry, his cap upon his breast and his sword by his side. He was clean-shaven but for a long mustache, and the white hair was combed back from the forehead and clustered in thick curls about the still face. They had never seen that face before. Old Jack was unshaven and unkempt always; now all the marks of dissipation and despair had disappeared, and death had brought back the echo of Paul Campbell's high-featured, proud youth. His ancient comrades in arms gazed at him, and forgot old Jack, and saw only a hero "taking his rest." Wonderingly they looked about them. None of them had ever visited him. The hermit had admitted no one while he lived, but dead he had called to them by a messenger he knew they would heed.

A letter on the table was addressed to a famous lawyer in St. Louis. He too had once fought for the defeated flag. Captain Ramsey sent it unopened, and though ignorant of his history, buried the outcast with the honors of a soldier.

In the letter to Judge Watson, Paul Campbell told his boyhood's friend how he had lived, and how at last he felt the long, long burden of the years slipping from him and the end of their pain and shame at hand. The recluse wrote with a child-like simplicity that showed forthright the nature of the man—a nature deep and single, narrow if you will, a type of what we call the man of action, taking few impressions from life and holding them to the end. His letter spoke not only of the love of his youth, as if the tragedy of that shipwreck were upon him with all its poignancy unsoftened; but he told of his feelings about God and the mysterious future with the unquestioning directness of one who wholly believed, though he, a sinner, but dimly understood, the religion his mother had taught him.

"I have tried all my life," he wrote, "to hope that Georgia knew the truth, but I could not feel it so, and my burden has seemed greater than I could bear. I must always have been a broken man without her, yet I might have been a man, but for the sense of her blameless misery always upon me. But now, when the warning symptoms at my heart promise me quick release from this life, the darkness is melting; I have faith that she knows. You will get this as a message from the dead. You may be told I took my life. It does not matter what these strangers here think; but you, my friend, who knew Georgia McIntyre—and I know you have never forgotten her—and who know my history now, you will be sure that however I have fallen in my wretchedness, at least I have never been tempted into cowardice. I'll meet her, God willing, with no stain upon my honor, and I think now it will be very soon. The happiness of it——"

There the pen had fallen, blotting the page in rolling across it. The happiness of it had thickened his wild and broken heart-beats till the old soldier must needs hasten with his last signature and lay himself down to await the bliss of death.

ELEPHANTS EATING THEIR DESSERT OF SUGAR-CANE.

From a photograph by Metzker & Co., Secunderabad.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF ELEPHANTS.

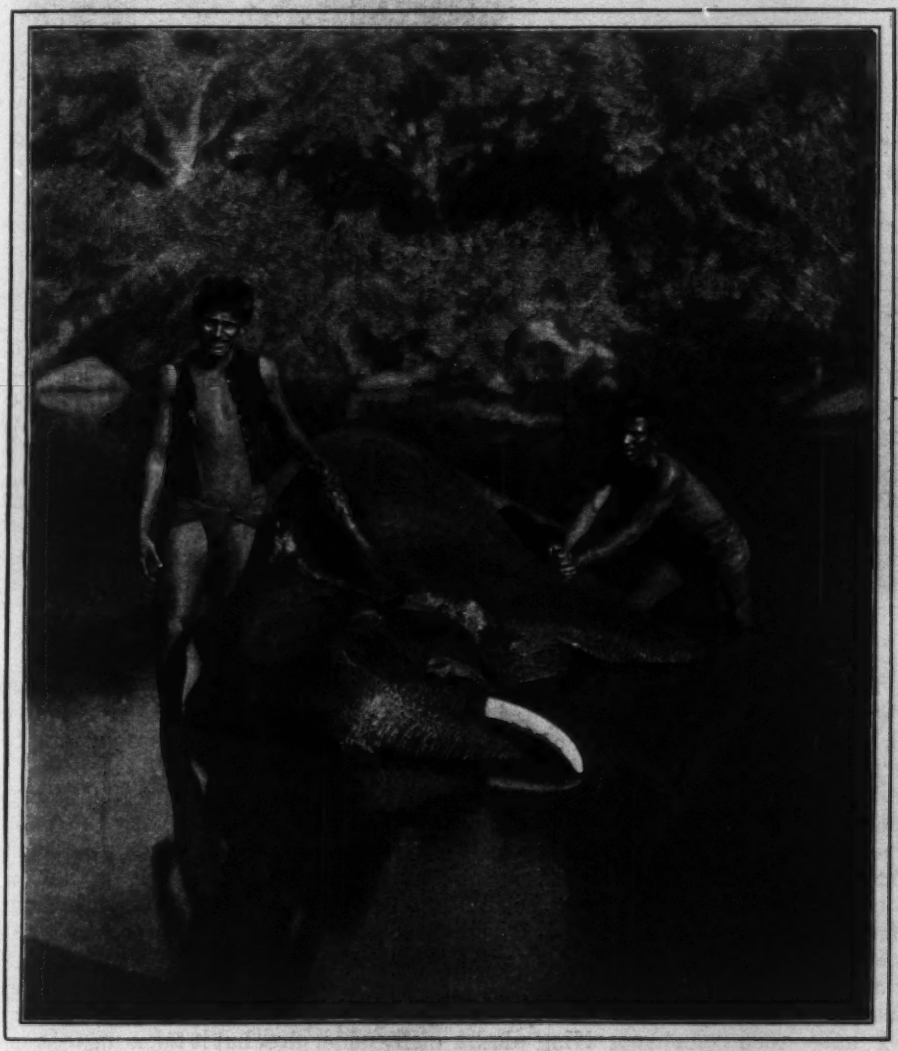
WITH STORIES ILLUSTRATING THEIR UTILITY TO MAN.

By Colonel F. T. Pollok.

OF all wild animals subjugated by man probably the most useful is the elephant. He learns marvelously, never forgets what he has learned, has great strength, and is wonderfully acute in his senses. When in good health, his whole skin is sensitive to the slightest touch, and the top of the proboscis has, probably, as keen a sensibility as the points of the human fingers. His eye, also, is keen, though the range of his vision is probably not very extensive. Indeed, sight is not the most useful sense in such places as those which elephants inhabit; and the senses of animals are, in general, adapted to the nature of their haunts. The sense of hearing is a much more serviceable one among tall vegetation than that of sight, and from the size of the elephant's ears and the freedom with which he can move them backwards and forwards, there is reason to conclude that in him this sense is very acute. His sense of smell, however, is the leading one, as it enables him to find what he seeks, and to avoid that which it is his instinct to shun. The trunk of the elephant is preëminently adapted for this purpose, as it is copiously supplied with nerves, and there is ample evidence that it is under the guidance of his proboscis that he chooses or rejects those articles which are offered to him. It is impossible to approach a wild herd from the windward, as long before a hunter can get within shot from that quarter, they will either flee or charge. And not only the elephant's sensibility, but also his instinct, is remarkable, and he is capable of being taught almost anything.

The peculiar sagacity of elephants is especially exemplified in the use that is made of them in running down and ensnaring their kind. Many of the females are let loose in the forests, and decoy the males into stockades erected for that purpose. When the nights are dark and the places where the elephants feed are known to the hunters, they advance towards them with four trained female elephants; and when they have determined upon the particular elephant they mean to secure, three of the trained elephants are conducted silently and slowly by their drivers, at a moderate distance from each other, near the place where the male is feeding. Thence, unattended, they advance cautiously, feeding as they go, and are mistaken for wild ones. When the male perceives them, he takes a good scent

all round, and then approaches them. A female goes on each side of him, gradually closes up, and commences to caress him, and while he is occupied with these the third places herself crosswise close up behind him. Then, behind the third, a fourth is quietly brought up, laden with ropes and attendants,

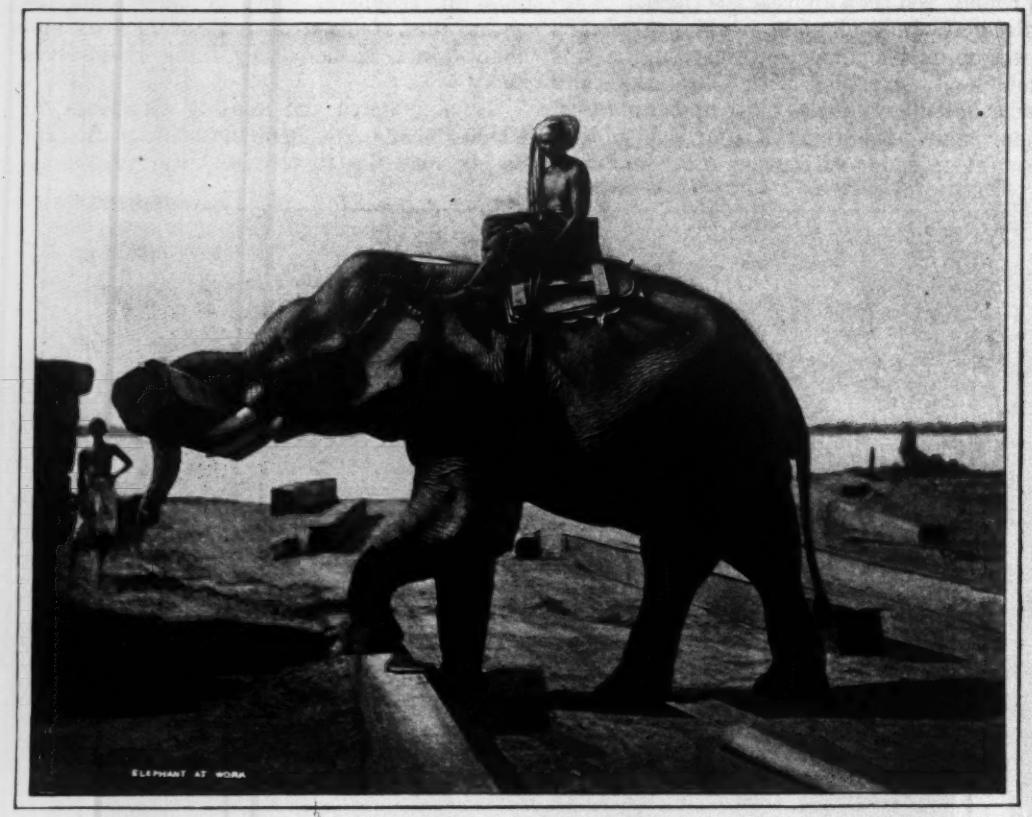


THE DAILY BATH.

From a photograph by Spooner & Co., London.

who immediately get under the belly of the third and quickly tether the legs of the wild one, which is thus secured beyond the hope of escape. Now when we consider that the three first elephants act without any guide, it says a great deal for their sagacity and training that they are as unfailing in the business as they are. This mode of capturing elephants is adopted only by the poorer class of trappers. Two or three club together, and if they catch three or four elephants in a season they think themselves lucky.

Running down and noosing elephants, of which I shall give some description further on, is very destructive to life. So many captives die from the rope cutting deep into their necks that the Government has forbidden it; but it is carried on all the same extensively in the remoter forests. It also uses up many tame elephants before their time, from the exertions they undergo. I have my doubts, however, about elephants living up to 150 years and more, as is asserted by some writers. Yet it is well



PILING TEAK TIMBER, RANGOON.

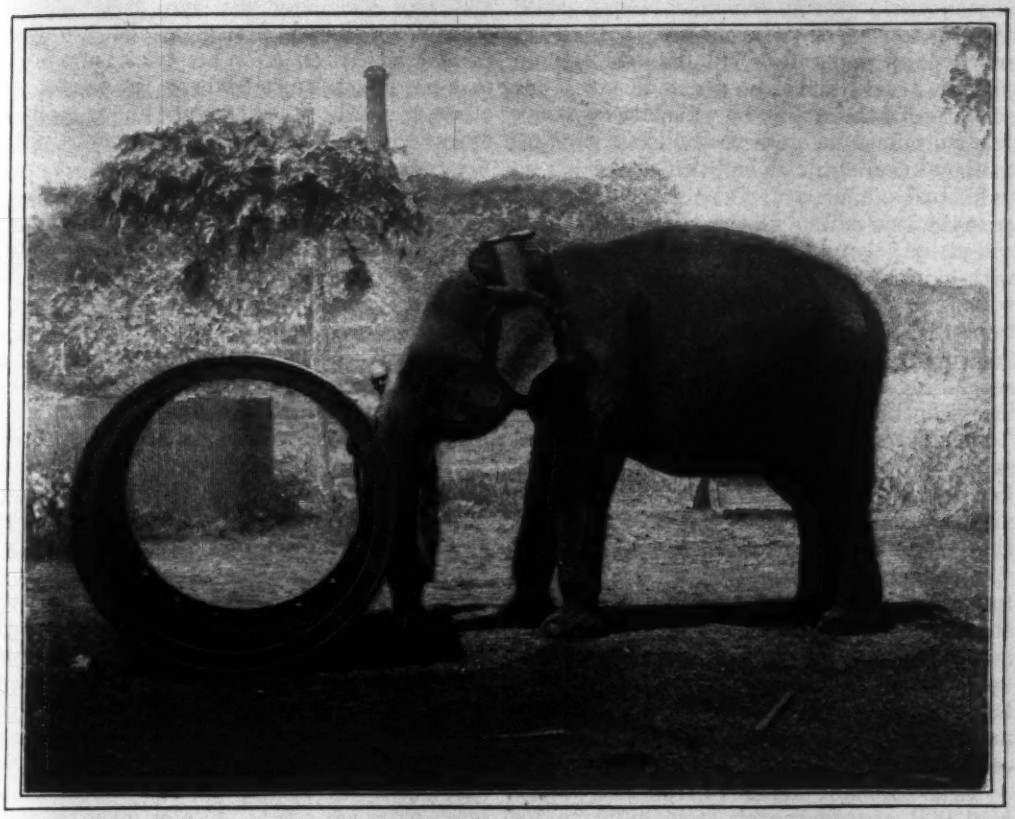
known that elephants have been worked up to eighty years of age. When very old, it is said, elephants do not lie down often for the purpose of sleeping, and it has been also asserted that instances have been known of an elephant not having lain down for a whole year, merely sleeping a little off and on whilst standing. Wild ones sleep occasionally leaning up against the bole of a tree; but they far more frequently lie down, and an old friend of mine who had been searching for an old tusker at last came upon him from hearing him snore, and slew him as he lay. In camp I have seen elephants lying down asleep, using a foot as a sort of pillow.

Elephants are indispensable for moving heavy batteries of artillery in India. Their tractable nature renders them invaluable animals for such purposes. But when the guns are brought into action, the elephants are replaced by bullocks, as the latter are not subject to panic like the former. In the plains of India two elephants will drag a heavy gun along at the rate of about three and a half miles an hour. Each battery consists of six guns—four forty pounders and two 6.3-inch howitzers. There are twelve elephants to each battery, two to each gun or howitzer. There is a jemadar, twelve mahouts, and twelve grass-cutters to look after the elephants.

We are accustomed from time immemorial to associate the horse with the pomp and circumstance of war; but the elephant—though a non-combatant—is not a whit behind the horse in intelligence, and there appears to be very little for which he is not adapted. For the transport of siege trains one cannot imagine a more valuable animal. The gentle ox is also of great value, especially under fire, but it takes a great many of him to equal one elephant.

The following is a description by the late Colonel Walter Campbell of the use an elephant is put to on a march. He is not alluding to those employed in dragging siege guns, but to those told off to assist gunners in moving their guns through a country rendered heavy by its boggy nature or owing to recent rains:

"It is interesting on the line of march to mark the extraordinary sagacity displayed by elephants attached to each battery in helping them out of the numerous difficulties



ROLLING AN IRON CYLINDER.

they encounter. The elephants employed for this purpose have their foreheads covered by a strong leathern shield to protect them from injury when pushing against the guns. Whenever a gun comes to grief by sticking in a quagmire, one of these sagacious brutes is brought up to assist it out of the difficulty. With the important air of an experienced engineer he marches up and deliberately examines the state of affairs. Twisting his trunk round the spoke of one wheel, he gives it a lift, as if to ascertain the depth and tenacity of the mud, and then quietly walks round and does the same by the other wheel, dropping it again with a knowing twinkle of the eye, as if he said to himself, 'All right, I can start her, I think.' Then he deliberates for some minutes, giving a slight push here and a slight pull there, when, having at last made up his mind as to the best mode of proceeding, he probably applies his forehead to the muzzle of the gun, and uttering a shrill trumpet-like sound, as a signal for the gun bullocks to pull together, pushes against it with his massive weight, which, if the bullocks obey the signal, is generally sufficient to start the gun. But sometimes when bullocks are over-driven or sulky, they refuse to obey the signal. It is then amusing to witness the indignation of the elephant. I have seen him spring up with a scream of rage, and brandishing his trunk, rush at the team of bullocks as if to take summary vengeance on them or their driver; and this threat generally produces the desired effect."

The forests whence timber is procured are often at considerable distances from water carriage, and but for these useful slaves the logs could not be dragged to the water's edge. Thus many elephants are employed during the cold weather in transporting teak timber, which had been felled the year previous and cut up into suitable lengths, to where it can be formed into rafts. Not only do they drag the pieces, but help in arranging them alongside one another in the water, and so to form them into rafts. I do not know what the huge timber yards in Rangoon and Moulmein would do without these trained animals. I spent some years in Rangoon as a sapper and engineer officer, and really the human way in which an elephant will test the weight and balance of a log before lifting it

requires to be seen to be credited. He (they are tuskers generally) will lift one end up with his trunk, and if he deems it within his power to lift the whole, he will shift his trunk gradually until he gets to the exact center; then by kneeling down he will roll the log on to his tusks, and carry it either to be stacked or to the saw-mill. All this while the mahout will sit quietly on his back and just urge him with his feet and toes. The noise of the revolving saws is deafening; but the elephant takes in his load and deposits it on the bench, and within a few minutes—in fact, before the second log is brought—the first is converted into scantlings, beams, and what not.

In stacking timber they also show great sagacity. An elephant will slide in a squared log, retire a little to see if it is in its place, and then, by a little push here or a little pull there, he will get it into its exact position.

Elephants are frequently used on tea estates to draw boilers on low trolleys up every steep gradient, for which work they seem admirably suited. They are also employed to keep masons supplied with blocks of stone for building purposes. They will take a block, and if within reach, they will lay it correctly on the wall under course of construction.

As an elephant can carry from 800 pounds to 1,000 pounds, march from eight to ten hours a day over the most difficult country at a steady pace, and do with five or six hours' sleep, his value as a transport animal may be imagined. But he requires to be well fed and well looked after. The usual allowance of rice given daily is one *seer*—two pounds—per foot of height, and about 600 pounds of green food, which his attendants cut down and collect and bring to camp on his back. In upper India he is fed on *chupatties*, or flat wheaten cakes.

Running down and noosing elephants is probably the most dangerous and exciting of sports. I was under the impression that nothing could excel in excitement and danger hog hunting in the plains of India, where the surface is cotton soil; but what is this to going full pelt across a country not one particle of whose surface you can see since it is a mass of matted and beaten-down long grass? It is cut up with water-courses, and is covered with *débris*, fallen trees, white-ant nests, and other abominations; and you must go as fast as your elephant can put legs to the ground.

The fastest female elephants are chosen. They are broken in and trained with as much care as is a favorite for the Derby. A sore is kept near the root of the tail, which is constantly belabored during a chase. Each *koonkie* has two men on her back: one is the mahout, who has also to throw the noose; the other urges the steed forward and is ready to tether the legs of the captive when caught. A *koonkie* is thus equipped for a hunt: A stout rope is passed twice round the body like a girth, and then under the neck for a breastplate and under the tail for a crupper, and securely fastened close to the withers for the sling rope to be tied to. The mahout, who guides the elephant and throws the noose, must be a plucky fellow and expert in his work, and, of course, he must be at home on the bare back. On coming across a herd, the mahout singles out a good-looking, three-parts grown tusker, as they fetch the largest prices when broken. But if no good caste youngster is visible, a good female is singled out, and laid into as fast as the *koonkie* can cover the ground, belabored behind all the while. As soon as the one fixed upon is separated from the herd, it is fiercely pursued, and generally in half an hour, or three-quarters at the most, it is brought to a standstill.

But what a time that is! I was out twice. One moment the elephant I was on seemed to be falling backwards; next, to pitch upon her head. I know my arms were wrenched almost out of their sockets by holding on to the rope. I was tossed here, there, and everywhere. I don't think I was three minutes at a time on the elephant's back. I was flying about everywhere. As for the natives, they stick on like grim death. I am sure not only are their arms and hands of use, but their toes, too. I believe they could stick on the point of a needle though it were tossed about in a hurricane. I was pretty young and strong in those days and accustomed to gymnastics, but I had to hold on with the tenacity of a bull-dog, with the agility of an acrobat. There was no stopping—the wild one must not be allowed to get its second wind. I was thankful indeed when I saw our quarry at a standstill.

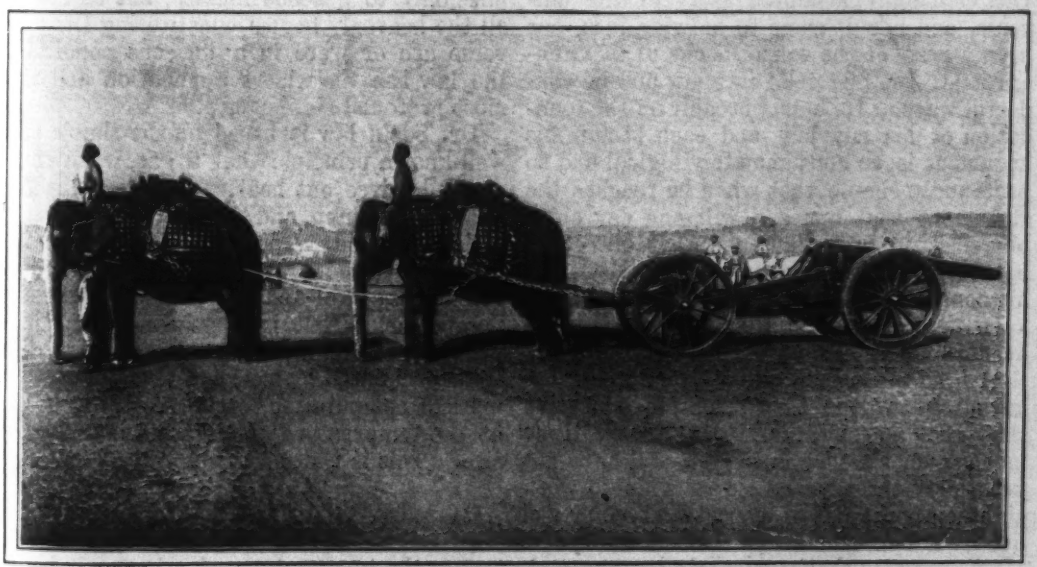
We ranged alongside, the mahout standing up, holding on to a rope attached to the main ropes for that purpose, and threw the noose. It fell fairly over the head; and feeling it dangling about his trunk, the young tusker curled up his trunk; the rope slipped around the neck, and was hauled taut. The second *koonkie* had by this time come up on the other side, but before the second noose could be thrown our captive, thoroughly alarmed, started again. But our elephant was prepared. She had planted herself as firmly as

possible, with one leg advanced and her whole weight thrown to the side opposite to the captive. But even then we were dragged some distance, until, finding himself choking, the youngster had to halt. The second noose was then thrown, and the captive made sure. Now came the dangerous task of loosening the slip-knot by means of a rope attached to the knot for that purpose, and replacing it with stout ropes round the throat of the victim. But these men are so expert from constant practice that an accident very seldom occurs. Two or three tame elephants now close up and lavish attentions on the half-strangled stranger; the assistants slip off, and tether the hind and front legs in a moment. Often it is a very difficult task to loosen the slip-knot, as it frequently cuts deep into the flesh, and many elephants die after capture of mortification of their wounds.

Directly an elephant finds himself caught he resigns himself to his fate, and goes quietly to the place fixed for a temporary or permanent camp, and is there broken in and made fit for work in six months. Mr. Nuttall, who for thirty years was superintendent of government *keddahs*, said he had used an elephant for tiger hunting two months after its capture, and was chasing wild ones off the back of another three months after; but such instances are very unusual, of course. When a wild elephant is very obstreperous and unusually strong, the noose-rope is cut, and the elephant allowed to go free. Now and then, but very seldom, where a foolish attempt is made to capture an unusually large tusker, the *koonkie* is overthrown and the hunters killed. But the rich bankers who manage or finance these hunts, give strict orders that the hunters are not to capture large males, as so many die and it is money thrown away, and they heavily fine the catchers if they disobey these orders.

Wild elephants during the heat of the day retire to forests or to dense thickets, and show great ingenuity in choosing their place of siesta.

There are, in various parts of India, medium-sized ponds that in the middle of the hot weather contract. They are full of coarse fish. By stirring up the mud, the fish, to breathe, are forced to come to the surface, and this can best be done by sending in a lot of elephants and making them go up and down until the water is like pea soup. The greater part of the fish come gasping to the surface, and are caught in hand-nets, knocked on the head, or grasped by the hands of the men. It is not bad fun while it lasts. Some of the fish burrow their way into the muddy bottom, and there hibernate, as it were, until the rains recommence and the ponds are filled again.



HEAVY ELEPHANT BATTERY.

From a photograph by Metzker & Co., Secunderabad.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SUN AND PLANETS.

By Ray Stannard Baker.

DR. T. J. J. SEE'S NEW LAW AND ITS BEARING ON THE HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSE.

THERE is nothing quite so mercilessly destructive in science as the discovery of a new law. Investigators spend centuries in formulating and developing a theory and in writing libraries to support it. One day there appears a man who sees far and thinks high, and with a single simple equation he overturns the traditions of an age. What a rattling of dry bones followed Newton's discovery of the eternal law of the falling body! How Darwin shook the world with the earliest announcement of his law of evolution!

And now, from out of the West, comes Dr. T. J. J. See, the astronomer, announcing the discovery of a new law, hardly second in profound import to the law of gravitation. The commonly accepted story of the universe, and how it came to be what it is, has been a part of the school-books of two generations; Dr. See tells it anew and in wonderful ways. He builds broadly on the foundation of his new law, and each step in his argument is so consummately logical and so profoundly simple that when he reaches the statement that our sun will one day shine blue instead of yellow, and that our earth has never been hot enough to vaporize iron, his conclusions seem hardly astonishing.

Dr. See is a Westerner, a rugged, keen-eyed, long-headed Missourian of the stock that bred plainsmen and pioneers, with the advantage of the best scientific education that the age affords. He stands three inches over six feet in height, and he is not yet thirty-three years old—a man to work eighteen hours out of every twenty-four and live to a hearty old age. Some two years ago he aroused the interest of the astronomical public by announcing from Flagstaff, Arizona, where he had been at work on a survey of the southern heavens with the great Lowell telescope, the discovery of no fewer than 600 new stellar systems, each having an importance in the universe similar to that of our own solar system. In making his investigations he examined more than 200,000 fixed stars in two years' time. Previous to his work at Flagstaff, Dr. See was for four years professor of mathematical astronomy in the Chicago University, where he went directly from the University of Berlin; and he has recently been appointed professor of mathematics in the United States Naval Observatory, a life position. His present discovery, made in May, 1898, as the result of a close study of the character of the double stars, was first announced last January, in the Lowell Institute at Boston.

Newton's law governing the attraction of gravitation is the one universal natural law so far known to man. It applies to all bodies, gaseous, liquid, and solid, whether cold or hot. Everything falls. Dr. See's law applies only to gaseous masses, but as nearly all the heavenly bodies constituting the universe are or were in a gaseous condition, the law has the widest application and the most profound significance.

Dr. See's law is based on the simple and well-known principle that a gas, when compressed, gives out heat. Compress the air in a bicycle pump, and the pump grows warm under the hand. The attraction of gravitation in a gaseous body of huge dimensions acts as a natural and very similar compressing power. That is, a gaseous star compresses itself and produces heat. Dr. See's law, formulated by means of a simple mathematical computation, expresses the relation of the temperature of a gaseous star to its size. This is the formula:

$$T = \frac{K}{R}.$$

T is the temperature of a heavenly body, R is the radius of that body, and K is the constant. That is, the temperature of a gaseous star varies inversely as the radius. If R decreases, T must increase proportionately. In other words, when a gaseous body

shrinks, its temperature increases; or, to make the illustration specific, our sun, which is known to be growing smaller (Sir Robert Ball says at the rate of ten inches a day), is therefore growing much hotter. This is exactly contrary to the generally accepted belief that the sun is cooling off. It is true that the earth does not receive as much heat from the sun as it did a few million years ago, when there were tropical forests in Idaho; but Dr. See explains that, while the sun was not then as hot as it is now, the radiating surface was much more extensive. More heat comes from a big cook-stove than from an alcohol lamp, although the latter may be a hundred times as hot.

"Since the time of Laplace," says Dr. See, "it has been the assumption of astronomers that our solar system began as an impalpable nebulous mass, heated to an almost inconceivable degree. Laplace's hypotheses, already anticipated by Kant, were accepted by Herschel, Zöllner, Proctor, and others, because there seemed to be no other way of accounting for the heat of the sun. The theory of the formation of the solar system founded on Laplace's assumption is familiar to almost every lay reader. You will remember the description: How in the beginning the solar system was a vast mass of fiery mist, which, with the passage of the ages, revolved more and more rapidly. Finally a ring formed on the outer edge, like one of the rings of Saturn, composed of matter which could not keep up with the tremendous revolving speed of the inner mass. This independent body, held in place near the main body of the nebula by the attraction of gravitation, assumed the form of a sphere, and began revolving on its own axis. Thus Neptune was formed. Then came Uranus and Saturn. All of the planets, according to this theory, were gaseous and flaming hot when separated from the sun; but the earth, Mars, and Venus have since cooled down to their present state."

That is the old story of the formation of the solar system, and, indeed, of the formation of all other stellar systems in the universe.

"Now then," continues Dr. See, "having established the new law that the temperature of a gaseous star varies inversely as the radius, or, as I call it briefly, T equals K over R, it is exceedingly easy to show the earlier condition of our universe. We know from the experiments of eminent physicists and astronomers that the present heat of the sun is not far from 8,000° Centigrade above the absolute cold of interstellar space. Remember that when R, the radius, increases, T, the temperature, must decrease in like proportion. Suppose, then, that the sun's radius was twice what it is to-day, the temperature would be only 4,000°. Is that clear? Go still further, and suppose that the sun had eight times its present diameter; the temperature would be only 1,000°.

"Now, at one time the sun's mass was so immense that it covered the entire space now occupied by the solar system. By the very simple application of the new law, we find that, when the radius of the sun was so extended that it reached the orbit of Neptune, the temperature must have been at the almost inconceivable condition of cold represented by 1° above the absolute zero. As the absolute zero, or the cold of space, has been determined approximately at 273° below zero Centigrade, then our sun, or the impalpable, nebulous mass which then composed it, must have had a temperature of 272° below zero—cold enough to make a liquid of air and then freeze it solid into air-ice.

"This was the original condition of our solar system and of all other stellar systems—a formless swarm of icy masses floating like some great flock of birds in blue space. This aggregation of bodies probably gave out a faint luminescence, such as we observe in the tails of comets, a light probably due to electrical action, the exact nature of which we do not yet understand. I imagine it must have had nearly the appearance of a great fog-bank, with just about as much luminescence. When you come to think of it, space may to-day be full of just such cold, dark, nebulous masses as that which formed our sun. We know definitely of some of them, and it is a singular fact, going to prove my law, that the spectroscope has so far been able to find only two substances in these nebulæ. The first is hydrogen, one of the lightest of known gases and one of the first to escape from the frozen state of absolute cold; and the other is an unknown substance which we have called *nebulium*. All of the other substances are probably present in the nebulæ, but they are in a solid and non-luminous state. According to the old theories, as I have said, the developing mass was a white-hot, flaming body, the like of which we now see nowhere in the universe, even with our best telescopes. Either there are no more heavenly systems in process of formation or else the old theories are erroneous. For my part, I believe that the dim,

cold nebulæ, of which we now know next to nothing, will in the long course of time become suns and systems.

"Imagine a great stretch of nebulæ made up of gaseous and solid particles, which I have popularly compared to a great swarm of fleecy birds, floating in space. One of these nebulæ, smaller than many of the others, is to become our solar system, of which the earth is such an insignificant grain. Although vast and attenuated, this nebula has set up a slow motion, which is the beginning of development. It revolves on its axis. It is also condensing gradually by the attraction of gravitation. As it grows smaller and a trifle more compact it revolves a little faster. In the course of a few million years, when its circumference has reached what is now about the orbit of Neptune, a part of the outer edge, unable to keep up with the movement of the mass, is detached, not unlike the mud from a revolving buggy wheel. That is Neptune. Later Uranus is left behind, and then Saturn and Jupiter. And as the central mass gradually shrinks inward, the temperature, according to the new law, necessarily increases. Mars is formed at 249° below zero Centigrade, the earth at 233°, and finally Mercury at 181°—all, as you will see, far below zero.

"As each of these worlds takes up a separate existence, it, too, begins shrinking and generating heat. The nebula of our earth was probably about as large as the present orbit of our moon, and after having begun independent rotation, it, in turn, cast off a world. That world is our moon. The earth nebula was comparatively small, and shrunk rapidly. From what we know of the length of its nebular radius, it is difficult to see how its temperature ever could have exceeded about 1,000° Centigrade. In other words, I don't believe there ever was heat enough here to vaporize iron, although the temperature was sufficient to fuse lava such as now issues from our volcanoes. It used to be held by men of science that the interior of the earth was a fiery globe filled with molten liquid substances, and that the volcanoes were vents analogous to chimneys. It is probable, however, that the heat does not increase after a certain depth has been reached. Beyond that, it remains uniform throughout the entire interior of the globe. If the earth ever had been as hot as many of the planets are to-day, all of our atmosphere would have been driven off into space and this would now be an airless world. The earth still continues its shrinking: slowly now, but as certainly as ever. The earthquakes are the remnants of its shrinking throes.

"The great planets, Neptune, Uranus, Saturn, and Jupiter, after being detached from the mother nebula, also went through the regular shrinking process. And as they shrunk, their temperatures rose higher and higher, until finally the solid matter melted, and they became gaseous, as they are to-day. The shrinking is still going on, and instead of growing colder, as astronomers have long taught, these planets are growing steadily hotter, and in the end they may shine of their own light, and not merely reflect the illumination they receive from the sun. Already there are faint signs of luminosity in Uranus, and perhaps also in Jupiter."

Having considered the condition of the planets of the solar system, Professor See again reverted to the present condition of the sun.

"The sun is still a gaseous body," he said, "and it therefore conforms to the new law. We know that it is shrinking from year to year, and it is, therefore, growing gradually hotter. At present the radiance is yellow. As the years go by and the heat increases, we may expect the light to grow gradually whiter and whiter, until it approaches the glare of an arc lamp, and after that it will gradually become blue, the next step marked in the spectrum. It will then have reached the condition of the blue stars of our heavens, Sirius and Vega, and it will have shrunk to a density nearly approaching that of an incompressible liquid.

"There is a vast chance for speculation as to what effect these changes in the color of the sun's light will have on our earth. We know that we shall receive less heat, owing to the smaller radiating surface of the sun; but just what effect a glare which is blue instead of yellow will have on the earth, its foliage, and inhabitants, if plants and animals exist at that time, we can scarcely imagine.

"There is one very important argument showing that our sun is relatively millions of years younger than Sirius. Sirius is surrounded by a dense atmosphere of hydrogen. As the heights of atmospheres of various densities are regulated by the attraction of gravitation, the lightest, hydrogen, naturally appears at the top, the heavier gases being drawn down by gravity. Sirius, as we of the earth see it, gives spectroscopic evidence of hydrogen only.

"Now, if our sun had already passed through the Sirian stage and the tempera-

ture were falling, as many astronomers believe, a hydrogen atmosphere, which had been separated from the other elements by the effects of gravity, ought to surround its globe. But we find just a contrary condition. All the elements of the sun are about evenly mixed, such heavy vapors as calcium and iron mixing freely with light elements like hydrogen and helium; so that we infer that the sun has not yet reached a stage of density sufficient to draw the heavy gases to the bottom and leave only hydrogen at the top, as in the case of Sirius.

"After the sun has become a blue star, like Sirius, blue being the mark of old age among stellar bodies, it will radiate an intensely blue light for perhaps a million years, and then suddenly begin falling in temperature. In the sudden cooling it may for a time appear reddish. Then it will become a liquid, and finally a dark solid. Sirius and other blue stars must reach this dark stage comparatively soon. Indeed, we have an example of a dying star, one in which the light is going out, in the companion of Sirius, which, although half as large as Sirius, gives only a ten-thousandth part as much light.

"I presume that the heavens are full of these vast inert bodies of dead stars. They represent the other extremes from the icy cold nebula out of which stars spring into existence. Owing to the presence of these dead stars and the nebulæ in space, I think it impossible for us to form any idea of the limits of the universe. Some investigators have grappled with the problem of finding the shape and extent of the universe, going even so far as to make drawings showing its general outlines. Their arguments were based on the amount of light received from various portions of the heavens. They argue that if the universe has no limit, and is filled with stars scattered promiscuously in all directions through infinite space, the light must be continuous all over the heavens, and the sky must be one glowing canopy as bright as the disk of the sun. This argument would seem, however, to be unfounded, because these dead stars and the nebulæ, which partake of the nature of a cosmical fog, obscure from our earth like curtains vast blue stretches of unknown space, leaving revealed to mortal eyes only the nearer portions of the universe of fixed stars.

"The problem of creation, what the universe is and what its boundaries are, though difficult and mysterious beyond all conceiving, is not absolutely beyond the ken of man. All we know is that our system is moving through space among a thousand other systems in the direction of the constellation Hercules, at the rate of about nineteen miles a second. So far as we can observe, it seems to be moving in a straight line, although it must be following the well-known law of motion among heavenly bodies and describing a great circle or an ellipse, but the circle is so inconceivably immense, and we have moved such a short distance since the beginning of modern observation, that it seems as though we were going in a straight line."

It occurs to the listener, after hearing this marvelous story of the genesis of the universe and the evolution of our solar system, to ask what will be the end of it all; what will become of our earth when the sun is a cold, icy clod; what is the end of all things so far as our solar system is concerned? Dr. See answers guardedly.

"We know," he says, "that all of our planets are doomed to death and cold, the present condition of our moon. The end will come long before the sun has cooled off. The law of gravitation continues its slow work of destruction. The moon, which, according to Darwin's theory of the tides, has been gradually forced away from the earth, will, when there are no longer any tides upon the earth's surface, be slowly drawn back again, and one day it will fall upon the earth with fearful force, no doubt causing a conflagration more awful than we can imagine. In the same way the moons of Jupiter will fall. Then the planets one after another will be drawn into the sun, producing for the time being a terrible blast of heat, although if all of the planets in our system were to be dropped upon the sun in a single day, their masses are so insignificant compared with the immensity of the mass of the sun, that they would serve to keep up the heat only a few hundred thousand years.

"After the last of the planets has fallen, the sun, having reached the limit of compression, will cool down and become gradually dimmer and dimmer, until the residents of other stars, if there be such, will gradually lose sight of it, and it will become a dark wanderer in space. Then, perhaps, at the end of hundreds of millions of years, it too will fall into the central mass around which it revolves as we now revolve around it.

"But we cannot say that this is really the end, for no man knows, and man's mind is not big enough even to imagine how many systems, one within the other, make up God's creation."

THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA.

A NOVEL.

By Booth Tarkington.

CHAPTER I.

LONESOMENESS.

WHEN the rusty hands of the office clock marked half-past four, the editor-in-chief of the "Carlow County Herald" took his hand out of his hair, wiped his pen on his last notice from the White Caps, put on his coat, swept out the close little entry, and left the sanctum for the bright June afternoon.

He chose the way to the west, strolling thoughtfully out of town by the white, hot, deserted Main Street, and thence onward by the country road into which its proud half-mile of old brick store buildings, tumble-down frame shops, and thinly painted cottages degenerated. The sun was in his face where the road ran between the summer fields, lying waveless, low, gracious in promise; but coming to a wood of hickory and beech and walnut that stood beyond, he might turn his down-bent hat-brim up and hold his head erect. Here the shade fell deep and cool on the green tangle of rag and iron weed and long grass in the corners of the snake fence, although the sun beat upon the road so close beside. There was no movement of the crisp young leaves overhead; high in the boughs there was a quick flirt of crimson where two robins hopped noiselessly. The late afternoon, when the air is quite still, had come; yet there rested—somewhere—on the quiet day a faint, pleasant, woody smell. It came to the editor of the "Herald" as he climbed to the top rail of the fence for a seat, and he drew a long breath to get the elusive odor more luxuriously—and then it was gone altogether.

"A habit of delicacies," he said aloud, addressing the wide silence complainingly. "One taste, and they quit," he finished, gazing solemnly upon the shining little town down the road.

It was a place of which its inhabitants sometimes remarked easily that their city had a population of from five to six thousand souls; but it should be easy to forgive them for such statements: civic pride is a virtue. The town lay in the heart of that fertile stretch of flat lands in Indiana where Eastern travelers, glancing from car-windows, shudder and return their eyes to interior upholstery, preferring even the swaying caparisons of a Pullman to the monotony without. The landscape runs on interminably level lines: bleak in winter, a desolate plain of mud and snow; hot and dusty in summer, miles on miles of flat lonesomeness, with not one cool hill slope away from the sun. The persistent tourist who seeks for signs of man in this sad expanse perceives a reckless amount of rail fence; at intervals a large barn; and, here and there, man himself, incurious, patient, slow, looking up from the fields apathetically as the Limited flies by. Now and then the train passes a village built scatteringly about a court-house, with a mill or two humming near the tracks. This is a county seat, and the inhabitants and the local papers refer to it confidently as "our city."

Such a county seat was Plattville, capital of Carlow County. The social and business energy of the town concentrated on the Square, and here, in summer time, the gentlemen were wont to lounge from store to store in their shirt sleeves; and in the center of the Square stood the old red-brick court-house, loosely fenced in a shady grove of maple and elm—"slipp'ry ellum"—called the "Court-House Yard." When the sun grew too hot for the dry-goods box whittlers in front of the stores around the Square and the occupants of the chairs in front of the Palace Hotel on the corner, they would go across and drape themselves over the fence and carve their initials on the top board. From the position of the sun, the editor of the "Herald" judged that these operations were now in progress, and he was not deeply elated by the knowledge that whatever desultory conversation might pass from man to man on the fence would probably be inspired by his own convictions expressed editorially in the "Herald."

He drew a faded tobacco-bag and a brier pipe from his pocket, and, after filling and lighting the pipe, twirled the pouch mechanically about his finger; then, suddenly regarding it, patted it caressingly. It had been a giddy little bag long ago, gay with embroidery in the colors of the editor's university; and although now it was frayed to the verge of tatters, it still bore an air of pristine jauntiness, an air of which its owner in no wise partook. He looked from it toward the village in the clear distance, and sighed softly as he put the pouch back in his pocket; and, resting his arm on his knee and his chin on his hand, sat blowing clouds of smoke out of the shade into the sunshine, absently watching the ghostly shadow on the white dust of the road.

A little garter snake crept under the fence beneath him and disappeared in the underbrush; a rabbit, progressing on its travels by a series of brilliant dashes and terror-smitten halts, came within a few yards of him, sat up with quivering nose, and eyes alight with fearful imaginings—vanished, a flash of fluffy brown and white. Shadows grew longer; a cricket chirped, and heard answers; there was a woodland stir of breezes, and the pair of robins left the branches overhead in eager flight, vacating before the arrival of a flock of blackbirds hastening thither ere the eventide should be upon them. The blackbirds came, chattered, gossiped, quarreled, and beat each other with their wings above the smoker sitting on the top fence-rail.

But he had remembered—a thousand miles to the east it was Commencement Day—seven years to a day from his own Commencement.

Five years ago, on another June afternoon, a young man from the East had alighted on the platform of the station north of Plattville, and entering the rickety omnibus that lingered there, seeking whom it might rattle to deafness, demanded to be driven to the Herald Building. It did not strike the driver that the newcomer was precisely a gay young man when he climbed into the omnibus; but an hour later, as he stood in the doorway of the edifice he had indicated as his destination, depression seemed to have settled into the marrow of his bones.

Plattville was instantly alert to the stranger's presence, and interesting conjectures were hazarded all day long at the back door of Martin's Dry-Goods Emporium (this was the club during the day), and at supper the new arrival and his probable purposes were discussed over every table in the town. Upon inquiry he had informed Judd Bennett, the driver of the omnibus, that he had come to stay. Naturally such a declaration caused a sensation, as people did not come to Plattville to live, except through the inadvertency of being born there. In addition, the young man's appearance and attire were reported to be extraordinary. Many of the curious, among them most of the marriageable females of the place, took occasion to pass and repass the sign of the "Carlow County Herald" during the evening.

Meanwhile the stranger was seated in the dingy office up-stairs with his head bowed low on his arms. Twilight stole through the dirty window-panes and faded into darkness. Night filled the room. He did not move. The young man from the East had bought the "Herald" from an agent; had bought it without ever having been within a hundred miles of Plattville. The "Herald" was an alleged weekly which had sometimes appeared within five days of its declared date of publication and sometimes missed fire altogether. It was a thorn in the side of every patriot of Carlow County, and Carlow people, after supporting the paper loyally and long, had at last given it up and subscribed for the "Gazette," published in the neighboring county of Amo. The former proprietor of the "Herald," a surreptitious gentleman with a goatee, had taken the precaution of leaving Plattville forever on the afternoon preceding his successor's arrival. The young man from the East had vastly overpaid for his purchase. Moreover, the price he had paid for it was all the money he had in the world.

The next morning he went bitterly to work. He hired a compositor from Rouen, a young man named Parker, who set type all night long and helped him pursue advertisements all day. The citizens shook their heads pessimistically. They had about given up the idea that the "Herald" could ever amount to anything, and they betrayed an innocent, but caustic, doubt of ability in any stranger.

One day the new editor left a note on his door, "Will return in fifteen minutes."

Mr. Rodney McCune, a politician from the neighboring county of Gaines, happening to be in Plattville on an errand to his henchmen, found the note, and wrote beneath the message the scathing inquiry, "Why?"

When he discovered this addendum, the editor smiled for the first time since his ad-

vent, and reported the incident in his next issue, using the rubric, "Why Has the 'Herald' Returned to Life?" as a text for a rousing editorial on "honesty in politics," a subject of which he already knew something. The political district to which Carlow belonged was governed by a limited number of gentlemen whose wealth was ever on the increase; and "honesty in politics" was a startling conception to the minds of the passive and resigned voters, who talked the editorial over on the street corners and in the stores. The next week there was another editorial, personal and local in its application; and thereby it became evident that the new proprietor of the "Herald" was a theorist who believed in general that a politician's honor should not be merely of that middling healthy species known as "honor amongst politicians;" and, in particular, that Rodney McCune should not receive the nomination of his party for Congress. Now, Mr. McCune was the undoubted dictator of the district, and his followers laughed at the stranger's fantastic onset; but the editor was not content with the word of print; he hired a horse and rode about the country, and (to his own surprise) proved to be an adaptable young man who enjoyed exercise with a pitch-fork to the farmer's profit while the farmer talked. He talked little himself, but after listening an hour or so, he would drop a word from the saddle as he left; and then, by some surprising wizardry, the farmer, thinking over the interview, decided there was some sense in what that young fellow said, and grew curious to see what the young fellow had further to say in the "Herald."

Politics is the one subject that goes to the vitals of every rural American; and a Hoosier will talk politics after he is dead.

Everybody read the campaign editorials, and found them interesting, although there was no one who did not perceive the utter absurdity of a young stranger's dropping into Carlow and involving himself in a party fight against the boss of the district—it was entirely a party fight; for, by grace of the last gerrymander, the nomination carried with it the certainty of election.

A week before the convention there came a provincial earthquake; the news passed from man to man in awe-struck whispers—McCune had withdrawn his name, making the shallowest of excuses to his cohorts. Nothing was known of the real reason for his disordered retreat, beyond the fact that he had been in Plattville on the morning before his withdrawal and had issued from a visit to the "Herald" office in a state of palsy. Mr. Parker, the Rouen printer, had been present at the close of the interview; but he held his peace at the command of his employer. He had been called into the sanctum, and had found McCune, white and shaking, leaning on the desk.

"Parker," said the editor, exhibiting a bundle of papers he held in his hand, "I want you to witness a verbal contract between Mr. McCune and myself. These papers are an affidavit and copies of some records of a street-car company which obtained a charter while Mr. McCune was in the Legislature. They were sent to me by a man I do not know, an anonymous friend of Mr. McCune's; in fact, a friend he seems to have lost. On consideration of our not printing these papers Mr. McCune agrees to retire from politics for good. You understand, if he ever lifts his head again, politically, we publish them, and the courts will do the rest. Now, in case anything should happen to me——"

"Something will happen to you, all right!" broke out McCune. "You can bank on that, you black——"

"Come," the editor interrupted, not unpleasantly. "Why should there be anything personal in all this? I don't recognize you as my private enemy—not at all; and I think you are getting off rather easily; aren't you? You keep out of politics, and everything will be comfortable. You ought never to have been in it, you see. It's a mistake not to go square, because in the long run somebody is sure to give you away—like the fellow who sent me these. You promise to hold to a strictly private life?"

"You're a traitor to the party," groaned the other; "but you only wait——"

The editor smiled sadly. "Wait nothing! Don't threaten, man. Go home to your wife. I'll give you three to one she'll be glad you are out of it."

"I'll give *you* three to one," said McCune, "that the White Caps will get you if you stay in Carlow. You want to look out for yourself, I tell you, my smart boy!"

"Good-day, Mr. McCune," was the answer. "Let me have your note of withdrawal before you leave town this afternoon." The young man paused a moment, then extended his hand, as he said: "Shake hands, won't you? I—I haven't meant to be too hard on you. I hope things will seem easier and gayer to you before long, and if—if anything should turn up that I can do

for you in a private way, I'll be very glad, you know. Good-by."

The sound of the "Herald's" victory went over the State. The paper came out regularly. The towns-folk bought it, and the farmers drove in for it. Old subscribers came back. Old advertisers renewed. The "Herald" began to sell in Amo, and Gaines County people subscribed. Carlow folk held up their heads when journalism was mentioned. Presently the "Herald" announced a news connection with Rouen, and with that, and the aid of "patent insides," began an era of three issues a week, appearing on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. The Plattville Brass Band serenaded the editor.

During the second month of the new *régime* of the "Herald" the working force of the paper received an addition. One night the editor found some bar-room loafers tormenting a patriarchal old man who had a magnificent head and a grand white beard. He had been thrown out of a saloon, and he was drunk with the drunkenness of three weeks steady pouring. He propped himself against a wall and reproved his tormentors in Latin. "I'm walking your way, Mr. Fisbee," remarked the journalist, hooking his arm into the old man's. "Suppose we leave our friends here and go home?"

Mr. Fisbee was the one inhabitant of the town possessing an unknown past, and a glamor of romance was thrown about him by the gossips, who agreed that there was a dark, portentous secret in his life, an opinion not too well confirmed by the old man's appearance. His fine eyes had a habit of wandering to the horizon, and his expression was mild, vague, and sad, lost in dreams. At the first glance one guessed that his dreams would never be practicable in their application, and some such impression of him was probably what caused the editor of the "Herald" to nickname him, in his own mind, "The White Knight."

Mr. Fisbee, coming to Plattville from nobody knew where, had taught in the High School for ten years; but he proved quite unable to refrain from lecturing to the dumbfounded pupils on archæology, neglecting more and more the ordinary courses of instruction, growing year by year more forgetful and absent, lost in his few books and his own reflections, until at last he had been discharged for incompetency. The dazed old man had no money and no way to make any. One day he dropped in at the hotel bar, where Wilkerson, the professional drunkard, favored him with his society. The old man understood; he knew it was the beginning of the end. He sold his books in order to continue his credit at the Palace bar, and once or twice, unable to proceed to his own dwelling, spent the night in a lumber yard, piloted thither by the hardier veteran Wilkerson.

The morning after the editor took him home, Fisbee appeared at the "Herald" office in a new hat and a decent suit of black. He had received his salary in advance, his books had been repurchased, and he had become the reportorial staff of the "Carlow County Herald;" also he was to write various treatises for the paper. For the first few evenings, when he started home from the office, his chief walked with him, chatting cheerfully, until they had passed the Palace bar. But Fisbee's redemption was complete.

The editor of the "Herald" kept steadily at his work; and, as time went on, the bitterness his predecessor's swindle had left in him passed away. But his loneliness and a sense of defeat grew and deepened. When the vistas of the world had opened to his first youth, he had not thought to spend his life in such a place as Plattville; but he found himself doing it, and it was no great happiness to him that the Hon. Kedge Halloway, of Amo, whom the "Herald's" opposition to McCune had sent to Washington, came to depend on his influence for renomination; nor did the realization that the editor of the "Carlow County Herald" had come to be McCune's successor as political dictator produce a perceptibly enlivening effect upon the young man. The years drifted very slowly, and to him it seemed that they went by while he stood far aside and could not even see them move. He did not consider the life he led an exciting one; but the other citizens of Carlow did when he undertook a war against the White Caps, denizens of Six-Cross-Roads, seven miles west of Plattville. The natives were much more afraid of the White Caps than he was; they knew more about them and understood them better than he did.

There was no thought of the people of the Cross-Roads in his mind as he sat on the snake fence staring at the little smoky shadow dance on the white road in the June sunshine. On the contrary, he was occupied with the realization that there had been a man in his class at college whose ambition needed no restraint, his promise was so great —in the strong belief of the university, a belief he could not help knowing—and that

seven years to a day from his Commencement this man was sitting on a fence-rail in Indiana.

Down the pike a buggy came creaking toward him, gray with dust, old and frayed like the fat, shaggy gray mare that drew it, her unchecked, despondent head lowering before her, while her incongruous tail waved incessantly, like the banner of a storming party. The editor did not hear the flop of the mare's hoofs nor the sound of the wheels, so deep was his reverie, till the vehicle was nearly opposite him. The red-faced and perspiring driver drew rein, and the journalist looked up, and waved a long white hand to him in greeting.

"Howdy' do, Mr. Harkless?" called the man in the buggy. "Soakin' in the weather?" He spoke in shouts, though neither was hard of hearing.

"Yes; just soaking," answered Harkless. "It's such a gipsy day. How is Mr. Bowlder?"

"I'm givin' good satisfaction, thank ye, and all at home. *She's* in town."

"Give Mrs. Bowlder my regards," said the journalist, comprehending the symbolism. "How is Hartley?"

The farmer's honest face shaded over for a second. "He's be'n steady ever sence the night you brought him home, six weeks straight. I'm kind of bothered about to-morrow—he wants to come in for show-day, and seems if I hadn't any call to say no. I reckon he'll have to take his chance—and us, too. Seems more like we'd have to let him, long as we got him not to come in last night for Kedge Halloway's lecture at the court-house. Say, how'd that lecture strike you? You give Kedge a mighty fine send-off to the audience in your introduction, but I noticed you spoke of him as 'a thinker' without sayin' what kind. I didn't know you was as cautious a man as that! Of course I know Kedge is honest——"

Harkless sighed. "Oh, he's the best we've got, Bowlder."

"Yes, I presume so, but——" Mr. Bowlder broke off suddenly as his eyes opened in surprise, and he exclaimed: "Law! I'd never of expected to see you settin' here to-day. Why ain't you out at Judge Briscoe's?" This speech seemed to be intended with some humor, for Bowlder accompanied it with the loud laughter of sylvan timidity risking a joke.

"Why? What's going on at the Judge's?"

"Goin' on! Didn't you see that strange lady at the lecture with Minnie Briscoe and the Judge and old Fisbee?"

"I'm afraid not, Bowlder."

"They couldn't talk about anything else at the post-office this morning and at Tom Martin's. She come yesterday on the afternoon accommodation. *You* ought to know all about it, because when Minnie and her father went to the deepoe they had old Fisbee with 'em, and when the buckboard come through town he was settin' on the back seat with her. That's what stirred the town up so. Nobody could figger it out anyway, and nobody got much of a good look at her then except Judd Bennett. He said she had kind of a *new* look to her; that's all any of 'em could git out of Judd; he was in a sort of a dreamy state. But Mildy Upton—you know Mildy? She works out at Briscoe's——"

"Yes, I know Mildy."

"She come in to the post-office with the news this lady's name was Sherwood, and she lives at Rouen. Miss Tibbs says that wasn't no news; you could tell she was a city lady with both your eyes shut. But Mildy says Fisbee was goin' to stay for supper; and he come to the lecture with 'em, and drove off with 'em after*werds*. Sol Tibbs says he reckoned it was because Fisbee was the only man in Carlow that Briscoes thought had read enough books to be smart enough to talk to her; but Miss Seliny says, if that was so, they'd have got you instead; and so they had to all jest about give it up. Of course everybody got a good look at her at the lecture—they set on the platform right behind you and Halloway—and she *did* look smart. What got *me*, though, was the way she wore a kind of a little dagger stuck straight through her head. Seemed a good deal of a sacrifice jest to make sure your hat was on right. You never see her at all?"

"I'm afraid not," answered Harkless, absently. "Miss Briscoe stopped me on the way out, and told me she had a visitor."

"Young man," said Bowlder, "you better go out there right away." He raised the reins, and clucked to the gray mare. "Well, *she'll* be mad I ain't in town for her long ago. Ride in with me?"

"No, thank you. I'll walk in for the sake of my appetite."

"Wouldn't encourage it *too* much—livin' at the Palace Hotel," observed Bowlder. "Sorry ye won't ride." He gathered the loose ends of the reins in his hands, leaned far over the dash-board, and struck the mare a hearty thwack. The tattered banner of tail jerked indignantly, but she consented to

move down the road. Bowlder thrust his big head through the sun-curtain behind him, and continued the conversation: "See the White Caps ain't got ye yet."

"No, not yet," Harkless laughed.

"Reckon the boys 'druther ye stayed in town after dark," the other called back. "Well, come out and see us—if ye git any spare time from the Judge's." He laughed loudly again in farewell, and the editor waved his hand as Bowlder finally turned his attention forward to the mare. When the flop, flop of her hoofs had died out, Harkless realized that the day was silent no longer; it was verging into evening.

He dropped from the fence, and turned his face toward town and supper. He felt the life and light about him; heard the clatter of the blackbirds above him; heard the homing bees hum by; saw the vista of white road and level landscape framed on two sides by the branches of the grove, a vista of infinitely stretching fields of green, lined here and there with woodlands, and flat to the horizon-line, the village lying in their lap. No roll of meadow, no rise of pasture-land relieved their serenity, nor shouldered up from them to be called a hill.

A farm-bell rang in the distance, a tinkling coming small and mellow from far away; and at the lonesomeness of that sound he heaved a long, mournful sigh. The next instant he broke into laughter, for another bell rang over the fields, the court-house bell in the Square. The first four strokes were given with mechanical regularity, the pride of the custodian who operated the bell being to produce the effect of a clock-work bell, such as he had once heard in the court-house at Rouen; but the fifth and sixth strokes were halting achievements, as, after four o'clock, he often lost count in the strain of the effort for precise imitation. There was a pause after the sixth; then a dubious and reluctant stroke, seven; a longer pause, followed by a final ring with desperate decision —eight! Harkless looked at his watch; it was twenty minutes of six.

As he crossed the court-house yard to the Palace Hotel, on his way to supper, he stopped to exchange a word with the bell-ringer, who, seated on the steps, was mopping his brow, with an air of hard-earned satisfaction.

"Good evening, Schofields'," he said. "You came in strong on the last stroke to-night."

"What we need here," responded the bell-ringer, "is more public-sperrited men. I ain't kickin' on you, Mr. Harkless, no *sir*; but we want more men like they got in Rouen. We want men that'll git Main Street paved with block or asphalt; men that'll put in factories; men that'll *act*—not set round like that ole fool Martin, and laugh and polly-woggle along and make fun of public sperrit, day in, day out. I reckon I do *my* best for the city."

"Oh, nobody minds old Tom Martin," observed Harkless. "It's only half the time he means anything by what he says."

"That's just what I hate about him," returned the bell-ringer in a tone of high complaint. "You can't never tell which half it is. Look at him now!" The gentleman referred to was standing over in front of the hotel, talking to a row of coatless loungers, who sat with their chairs tilted back against the props of the wooden awning that projected over the sidewalk. Their faces were turned toward the court-house, and even those lost in meditative whittling had looked up to laugh. Mr. Martin, one of his hands thrust in a pocket of his alpaca coat and the other softly caressing his wiry, gray chin-beard, his rusty silk hat tilted forward till the brim almost rested on the bridge of his nose, was addressing them in a one-keyed voice, the melancholy whine of which, though not the words, penetrated to the court-house steps.

The bell-ringer, whose name was Henry Schofield, but who was known as Schofields's Henry (popularly abbreviated to Schofields'), was moved to indignation. "Look at him," he cried. "Look at him! Everlastingly goin' on about my bell! Well, let him talk; let him talk!"

As Mr. Martin's eye fell upon the editor, who, having bade the bell-ringer good-night, was approaching the hotel, he left his languid companions and crossed the street to meet him.

"I was only oratin' on how proud the city ought to be of Schofields'," he said mournfully, as they shook hands; "but he looks kind of put out with me." He hooked his arm in that of the young man, and detained him for a moment as the supper-gong sounded from within the hotel. "Call on the Judge to-night?" he asked.

"No. Why?"

"I reckon you didn't see that lady with Minnie last night."

"No."

"Well, I guess you better go out there, young man. She might not stay here long."

CHAPTER II.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER.

THE Briscoe buckboard rattled along the elastic country road, the roans setting a sharp pace as they turned eastward on the pike toward home.

"They'll make the eight miles in three-quarters of an hour," said Judge Briscoe proudly He turned from his daughter at his side to Miss Sherwood, who sat with Mr. Fisbee behind them, and pointed ahead with his whip. "Just beyond that bend we pass through Six-Cross-Roads."

Miss Sherwood leaned forward eagerly. "What did you mean last night, after the lecture," she said to Fisbee, "when you asked Mr. Martin who was to be with Mr. Harkless?"

"Who was watching him," he answered.

"Watching him? I don't understand."

"Yes; they have shot at him from the woods at night, and——"

"But who watches him?"

"The young men of the town. He has a habit of taking long walks after dark, and he is heedless of all remonstrance; so the young men have organized a guard for him, and every evening one of them follows him until he goes to the office to work for the night. It is a different young man each night, and the watcher follows at a distance, so that he does not suspect."

"But how many people know of this arrangement?"

"Nearly every one in the county except the Cross-Roads people, though it is not improbable that they have discovered it."

"And has no one told him?"

"No; he would not allow it to continue. He will not even arm himself."

"They follow and watch him, night after night, and every one knows and no one tells him? Oh, I must say," cried the girl, "I think these are good people!"

The buckboard turned the bend in the road, and they entered a squalid settlement built raggedly about a blacksmith shop and a saloon. "I'd hate to have a breakdown here," Briscoe remarked quietly.

Half a dozen shanties clustered near the forge; a few roofs scattered through the shiftlessly cultivated fields; four or five barns propped by fence-rails; some sheds with gaping apertures through which the light glanced from side to side; a squad of thin, "razor-back" hogs, now and then worried by gaunt hounds; and some abused-looking hens, groping about disconsolately in the mire; a broken-topped buggy with a twisted wheel, settling into the mud of the middle of the road (there was always abundant mud here in the dryest summer); a dim face sneering from a broken window—Six-Cross-Roads was forbidding and forlorn enough by day. The thought of what might issue from it by night was unpleasant; and the legends of the Cross-Roads, together with an unshapen threat easily fancied in the atmosphere of the place, made Miss Sherwood shiver as though a cold draft had crossed her.

"It is so sinister!" she exclaimed. "And so unspeakably mean! This is where they live, the people that hate him, is it? The White Caps?"

"They call themselves that," replied Briscoe. "Usually White Caps are a vigilance committee in a region where the law isn't enforced. These fellows aren't that kind; they got together to wipe out grudges, and sometimes didn't need any grudge—just made their raids for pure devilment. There's a feud between us and them that goes back into pioneer days, and only a few of us old folks know much about it."

"And he was the first to try to stop them?"

"Well, you see our folks are pretty long-suffering," said Briscoe, apologetically. "We'd sort of got used to the meanness of the Cross-Roads. It took a stranger to stir things up, and he did. He sent eight of them to the penitentiary, some for twenty years."

As they passed the saloon a man stepped into the doorway and looked at them. He was coatless, and clad in garments worn to the color of dust. His bare head was curiously malformed, higher on one side than on the other, and though the buckboard passed rapidly and at a distance, this singular lopsidedness was plainly visible to the occupants, lending an ugly significance to his meager, yellow face. He was tall, lean, hard, powerfully built. He eyed the strangers with affected languor, and then, when they had gone by, broke into sudden, loud laughter.

"That was Bob Skillett, the worst of the lot," said the Judge. "Harkless sent his son and one brother to prison, and it nearly broke his heart that he couldn't swear to Bob."

When they were beyond the village and in the open road again, Miss Sherwood took a deep breath. "I think I breathe more freely. That was a hideous laugh he sent after us."

The Judge glanced at his guest's face, and chuckled. "I guess we won't frighten you much," he said. "Young lady, I don't believe you'd be afraid of many things, would you? You don't look like it. Besides, the Cross-Roads isn't Plattville, and the White Caps have been too scared to do anything much except try to get even with the 'Herald' for the last two years, ever since it went for them. They're laying for Harkless, partly for revenge and partly because they daren't do anything until he's out of the way."

The girl gave a low cry with a sharp intake of breath. "Ah! One grows tired of this everlasting American patience! Why don't the Plattville people do something before they——"

"It's just as I say," Briscoe answered. "Our folks are sort of used to them. I expect we do about all we can The boys look after him nights, but the main trouble is that we can't make him understand he ought to be more afraid of them. If he'd lived here all his life he would be. If they get him, there'll be trouble of an illegal nature." He broke off suddenly, and nodded to a little old man in a buckboard, turning off from the road into a farm lane which led up to a trim cottage with a honeysuckle vine by the door. "That's Mrs. Wimby's husband," said the Judge in an undertone.

Miss Sherwood observed that Mrs. Wimby's husband was remarkable for the exceeding plaintiveness of his expression. He was a weazened, blank, pale-eyed little man, with a thin, white mist of neck whisker, and he was dressed in clothes much too large for him. No more inoffensive figure than this feeble, little old man could be imagined; yet his was the distinction of having received a hostile visit from his neighbors of the Cross-Roads. A vagabonding tinker, he had married the one respectable person of the section, a widow, who had refused several gentlemen at the Cross-Roads; and so complete was the bridegroom's insignificance, that to all the world his own name was lost; the bride continued to be known by her former name, as "Mrs. Wimby," and her spouse was usually called "Widder-Woman Wimby's Husband" or "Mr. Wimby." The bride supplied his wardrobe with the garments of her former husband; and alleging this proceeding as the cause of their anger, the White Caps broke into the farm-house one night, tore the old man from his bed, and before his wife's eyes lashed him with sapling shoots till he was near to death A little yellow cur that had followed his master on his wanderings was found licking the old man's wounds, and they deluged the dog with kerosene, and then threw the poor animal upon a bonfire they had made, and danced around in heartiest enjoyment.

The man recovered, but that was no palliation of the offense to the mind of a hot-eyed young man from the East, who was besieging the county authorities for redress and writing brimstone and saltpeter for his paper. The powers of the county proving either lackadaisical or timorous, he appealed to those of the State; and he went every night to sleep at a farm-house, the owner of which had received a warning from the White Caps; and one night it befell that he was rewarded, for the raiders attempted an entrance. He and the farmer and the farmer's sons beat off the marauders, and did a satisfactory amount of damage in return Two of the White Caps they captured and bound, and others they recognized. Then the State authorities hearkened to the voice of the "Herald" and its owner; there were arrests, and in the course of time there was a trial. Every prisoner proved an alibi—could have proved a dozen; but the editor of the "Herald," after virtually conducting the prosecution, went upon the stand and swore to man after man. Eight men went to the penitentiary on his evidence, five of them for twenty years. The Plattville Brass Band serenaded the editor of the "Herald" again.

There were no more raids, and the Six-Cross-Roads men who were left kept to their hovels, appalled and shaken; but, as time went by and left them unmolested, they recovered a measure of their hardiness, and began to think on what they should do to the man who had brought misfortune and terror upon them. For a long time he had been publishing their threatening letters and warnings in a column which he headed "Humor of the Day."

When the Briscoe buckboard had left the Cross-Roads far behind and had come in sight of Plattville, Miss Briscoe's visitor turned to Fisbee with a repetition of the shiver that the laughter of Mr. Skillett had caused her, and said, half under her breath "I wish—I half wish—that we had not driven through there." She clasped Mr. Fisbee's hand gently; his eyes shone. He touched her fingers with a strange, shy reverence.

"You will meet him to-morrow," he said softly

She laughed, and pressed his hand "I'm afraid not I was almost at his side last

night when Minnie asked him to call on me. He wasn't even interested enough to look at me."

Something over two hours later, as Mr. Tom Martin was putting things to rights in his domain, the Dry-Goods Emporium, previous to his departure for the evening's gossip and checkers at the drug-store, he stumbled over something soft lying on the floor behind a counter. The thing rose, and would have evaded him, but he put out his hands and pinioned it and dragged it to the show-window, where the light of the fading day defined his capture. The capture shrieked and squirmed and fought earnestly. Grasped by the shoulder, he held a lean, fierce-eyed, undersized girl of fourteen, clad in one ragged cotton garment, unless the coat of dust she wore over all might be esteemed another. Her cheeks were sallow, and her brow was already shrewdly lined, and her eyes were as hypocritical as they were savage. She was very thin and little, but old Tom's brown face grew a shade nearer white when the light fell upon her.

"You're no Plattville girl," he said sharply.

"You lie!" cried the child. "You lie! I am! You leave me go, will you! I'm lookin' fer pap, and you're a liar!"

"You crawled in here to sleep after your seven-mile walk, didn't you?" Martin went on.

"You're a liar!" she screamed.

"Look here," said Martin slowly, "you go back to Six-Cross-Roads and tell your folks that if anything happens to a hair of Mr. Harkless's head, every shanty in your town will burn, and your grandfather, and your father, and your uncles, and your brothers, and your cousins, and your second cousins, and your third cousins will never have the good luck to see the penitentiary. Reckon you can remember that message? But before I let you go to carry it, I guess you might as well hand out the paper they sent you over here with."

His prisoner fell into a paroxysm of rage.

"I'll git pap to kill ye!" she shrieked, striking at him. "I don't know nothin' 'bout yer Six-Cross-Roads, ner no papers, ner yer Mister Harkels neither, ner *you*, ye razor-backed ole devil! Pap'll kill ye! Leave me go! Leave me *go!* Pap'll kill ye! I'll git him to *kill* ye!" Suddenly her struggles ceased, her eyes closed, her tense little muscles relaxed, and she drooped toward the floor. The old man shifted his grip to support her, and in an instant she twisted out of his hands and sprang out of reach, her eyes shining with triumph and venom.

"Yahay! Mister Razor-back!" she shrilled. "How's that fer high? Pap'll kill ye, Sunday. You'll be screechin' in hell in a week, an' we 'ull set up an' drink our apple-jack an' laff!"

Martin pursued her lumberingly, but she was agile as a monkey, and ran dodging up and down the counters, and mocked him, singing, "Gran'mammy, Tipsey-Toe." At last she tired of the game, and darted out of the door, flinging back a hoarse laugh at him as she went. He followed; but when he reached the street she was a mere shadow flitting under the court-house trees. He looked after her forebodingly; then turned his eyes toward the Palace Hotel on the corner. The editor of the "Herald" was seated under the wooden awning, with his chair tilted back against a post, gazing dreamily at the murky red afterglow in the west.

"What's the use of tryin' to bother him with it?" old Tom asked himself. "He'd only laugh." He noted that young William Todd, the drug, book, and wall-paper clerk, sat near the editor, whittling absently. Martin chuckled. "William's turn to-night," he murmured. "Well, the boys'll take care of him." He locked the doors of the Emporium, tried them, and dropped the keys in his pocket.

As he crossed the Square to the drug-store, where his cronies awaited him, he turned again to look at the figure of the musing journalist. "He ought to go out there," he said, and shook his head sadly. "I don't reckon Plattville's any too spry for that young man. Five years he's be'n here. Well, it's a good thing for us, but I guess it ain't exactly high life for him." He kicked a stick out of his way impatiently. "Now, where'd that imp run to?" he grumbled.

The imp was lying under the court-house steps. When the sound of Martin's footsteps had passed away she crept cautiously from her hiding-place, and stole through the ungroomed grass to the fence opposite the hotel. Here she stretched herself flat in the weeds and took from the tangled masses of her hair, where it was tied with a string, a rolled up, crumpled slip of greasy paper. With this in her fingers she lay peering under the fence, her fierce eyes fixed unwinkingly on the editor of the "Herald."

The street ran flat and gray, in the slowly gathering dusk, straight to the western horizon, where the sunset embers were strewn in long, glowing, dark-red streaks; the maple trees were clean-cut silhouettes against the pale rose and pearl tints of the sky above, and a tenderness seemed to shimmer in the air. The editor often vowed to himself he would watch no more sunsets in Plattville. He thought they were making him morbid. Could he have shared them, it would have been different.

His long, melancholy face grew longer and more melancholy in the twilight, while William Todd patiently whittled near by. Plattville had often discussed the editor's habit of silence, and Mr. Martin had suggested that possibly the reason Mr. Harkless was such a quiet man was that there was nobody for him to talk to; but his hearers did not agree, for the population of Carlow County was a thing of pride, being greater than that of several bordering counties.

A bent figure came slowly down the street, and William Todd hailed it cheerfully: "Evening, Mr. Fisbee."

"A good evening, Mr. Todd," answered the old man, pausing. "Ah, Mr. Harkless, I was looking for you." He had not seemed to be looking for anything beyond the boundaries of his own dreams, but he approached Harkless, tugging nervously at some papers in his pocket. "I have completed my notes for our Saturday edition. It was quite easy, sir; there is much doing."

"Thank you, Mr. Fisbee," said Harkless, as he took the manuscript. "Have you finished your paper on the earlier Christian symbolism? I hope the 'Herald' may have the honor of printing it." This was a form they used.

"I shall be the recipient of honor, sir," returned Fisbee. "Your kind offer will speed my work; but I fear, Mr. Harkless, I very much fear, that your kindness alone prompts it; for, deeply as I desire it, I cannot truthfully say that my essays appear to increase our circulation." He made an odd, troubled gesture as he went on: "They do not seem to read them here, although Mr. Martin assures me that he carefully reperuses my article on Chaldean decoration whenever he rearranges his exhibition windows." He plodded on a few paces, then turned irresolutely.

"What is it, Fisbee?" asked Harkless.

Fisbee stood for a moment as though about to speak; then he smiled faintly, shook his head, and went his way. Harkless waved his hand to him in farewell, and, drawing a pencil and a pad from his pocket, proceeded to injure his eyes in the waning twilight by the editorial perusal of the items his staff had just left in his hands. He glanced over them meditatively, making alterations here and there.

The last one Fisbee had written as follows:

"Miss Sherwood, of Rouen, whom Miss Briscoe knew at the Misses Jennings' finishing school in New York, is a guest of Judge Briscoe's household."

Fisbee's items were written in ink. There was a blank space beneath the last. At the bottom of the page something had been scribbled in pencil. Harkless vainly tried to decipher it; but the twilight had fallen too deep and the writing was too faint, so he struck a match and held it close to the paper. The action betokened only a languid interest; but when he caught sight of the first of the four subscribed lines, he sat up straight in his chair with a sharp ejaculation. At the bottom of Fisbee's page was written in a dainty, feminine hand, of a type he had not seen for years:

"The time has come, the Walrus said,
To talk of many things,
Of shoes, and ships, and sealing-wax,
And cabbages, and kings."

He put the paper in his pocket, and set off rapidly down the village street. At his departure William Todd looked up quickly; then he got upon his feet with a yawn, and quietly followed the editor. In the dusk a tattered little figure rose up from the weeds across the way, and stole noiselessly after William. He was in his shirt-sleeves, his waistcoat unbuttoned and loose. On the nearest corner Mr. Todd encountered a fellow-townsman, who had been pacing up and down in front of a cottage crooning to a protestive baby held in his arms. He had paused in his vigil to stare after Harkless.

"Where's he bound fer, William?" inquired the man with the baby.

"Briscoes'," answered William, pursuing his way.

"I reckoned he would be," observed the other, turning to his wife, who sat on the doorstep, "I reckoned so when I see that lady at the lecture last night."

The woman rose to her feet. "Hi, Bill Todd!" she said. "What ye got onto the back of yer vest?" William paused, put his hand behind him, and encountered a paper pinned to the dangling strap of his waistcoat. The woman ran to him, and unpinned the paper. It bore a writing. They took

it to where the yellow lamp-light shone out through the open door, and read:

"der Sir
"FoLer harkls aL yo ples an gaRd him yoR best venagens is closteR harkls not Got 3 das to live we come in wite."

"What ye think, William?" asked the man with the baby, anxiously. But the woman gave the youth a sharp push with her hand. "They never dast to do it!" she cried. "Never in the world! You hurry, Bill Todd. Don't leave him out of your sight one second."

CHAPTER III.

AT THE PASTURE BARS—ELDER-BUSHES MAY HAVE STINGS.

THE street upon which the Palace Hotel fronted formed the south side of the Square, and ran west to the edge of the town, where it turned to the south for a quarter of a mile or more, then bent to the west again. Some distance from this second turn there stood, fronting close on the road, a large brick house, the most pretentious mansion in Carlow County. And yet it was a homelike place, with its red-brick walls embowered in masses of cool Virginia creeper, and a comfortable veranda crossing the broad front, while half a hundred stalwart sentinels of elm and beech and poplar stood guard around it. The front walk was bordered by geraniums and hollyhocks, and honey-suckle climbed the pillars of the porch. Behind the house there was a shady little orchard; and, back of the orchard, an old-fashioned, very fragrant rose-garden, divided by a long grape-arbor, extended to the shallow waters of a wandering creek; and on the bank a rustic seat was placed, beneath the sycamores.

From the first bend of the road, where it left the town and became (after some indecision) a country highway—called the Pike—rather than a proud city boulevard, a pathway led through the fields to end at some pasture bars opposite the brick house.

John Harkless was leaning on the pasture bars. The stars were wan, and the full moon shone over the fields. Meadows and woodlands lay quiet and motionless under the old, sweet marvel of a June night. In the wide monotony of the flat lands there sometimes comes a feeling that the whole earth is stretched out before one. To-night it seemed to lie so, in the pathos of silent beauty, passive and still; yet breathing an antique message, sad, mysterious, reassuring. But there had come a divine melody adrift on the air. Through the open windows it floated. Indoors some one struck a peal of silver chords, like a harp touched by a lover, and a woman's voice was lifted. John Harkless leaned on the pasture bars, and listened with upraised head and parted lips.

"To thy chamber window roving, love hath led my feet."

The Lord sent manna to the children of Israel in the wilderness. Harkless had been five years in Plattville, and a woman's voice singing Schubert's Serenade came to him at last as he stood by the pasture bars of Jones's field, and listened, and rested his dazzled eyes on the big, white face of the moon.

How long had it been since he had heard a song or any discourse of music other than that furnished by the Plattville Band? Not that he had no taste for a brass band. But music that he loved always gave him an ache of delight and the twinge of reminiscences of old, gay days gone forever. To-night his memory leaped to the last day of a June gone seven years; to a morning when the little estuary waves twinkled in the bright sun about the boat in which he sat, the trim launch that brought a cheery party ashore from their schooner to the Casino landing at Winter Harbor, far up on the Maine coast.

To-night he saw the picture as plainly as if it were yesterday. No reminiscences had risen so keenly before his eyes for years. Pretty Mrs. Van Skuyt sitting beside him—pretty Mrs. Van Skuyt and her roses. What had become of her? He saw the crowd of friends waiting on the pier for their arrival; the dozen or so emblazoned class-mates (it was in the time of brilliant flannels) who sent up a volley of college cheers in his honor; how plainly the dear, old, young faces rose up before him to-night, the men from whose lives he had slipped. Dearest and jolliest of the faces was that of Tom Meredith, club-mate, class-mate, his closest friend, the thin, red-headed third baseman. He could see Tom's mouth opened at least a yard, it seemed, such was his frantic vociferousness. Again and again the cheers rang out, "Harkless! Harkless!" on the end of them. In those days everybody (particularly his class-mates) thought he would be minister to England in a few years; and the orchestra on the Casino porch was playing "The Conquering Hero Comes," in his honor and at the behest of Tom Meredith, he knew.

There were other pretty ladies besides Mrs. Van Skuyt in the launch-load from the yacht; but as they touched the pier, pretty girls, or pretty women, or jovial gentlemen, all were overlooked in the wild scramble the college men made for their hero. They haled him forth, set him on high, bore him on their shoulders shouting, "Skal to the Viking!" and carried him up the wooded bluff to the Casino. He heard Mrs. Van Skuyt say, "Oh, we're used to it; we've put in at several other places where he had friends!" He remembered the wild progress they made for him up the slope that morning at Winter Harbor; how the people looked on and laughed and clapped their hands. But at the veranda edge he had noticed a little form disappearing around a corner of the building, a young girl running away as fast as she could. "See there," he said, as the tribe set him down, "you have frightened the populace." And Tom Meredith had stopped shouting long enough to answer, "It's my little cousin, overcome with emotion. She's been counting the hours till you came—been hearing about you for a good while—she hasn't been able to talk or think of anything else. She's only fifteen, and the crucial moment is too much for her—the Great Harkless has arrived, and she has fled."

But the present hour grew on him as he leaned on the pasture bars. It had been a reminiscent day with him; but suddenly his memories sped, and the voice that was singing Schubert's Serenade across the way touched him with the urgent, personal appeal that a present beauty had always held for him. It was a soprano and without *tremulo*, yet came to his ear with a certain tremulous sweetness; it was soft and slender; but the listener knew it could be lifted with fullness and power if the singer would. It spoke only of the song; yet the listener thought of the singer. Under the moon thoughts run into dreams, and he dreamed that the owner of the voice, she who quoted "The Walrus and the Carpenter" on Fisbee's notes, was one to laugh with you and weep with you; yet her laughter would be tempered with sorrow and her tears with laughter.

When the song was ended, he struck the rail he leaned upon a sharp blow with his open hand. There swept over him a feeling that he had stood precisely where he stood now, on such a night, a thousand years ago; had heard that voice and that song, and been moved by the voice and the song and the night, just as he was moved now. He had long known himself for a sentimentalist; he had almost given up trying to cure himself. And he knew himself for a born lover; he had always been in love with some one. In his earlier youth his affections had been so constantly inconstant that he finally came to settle with his self-respect by recognizing in himself a fine constancy that worshiped one woman always—it was only the shifting image of her that changed! Somewhere (he dreamed, whimsically indulgent of the fancy, yet mocking himself for it) there was a girl whom he had never seen who waited till he should come. She was Everything. Until he found her, he could not help adoring others who possessed little pieces and suggestions of her—her brilliancy, her courage, her short upper lip, "like a curled rose-leaf," or her dear voice, or her pure profile; he had no recollection of any lady who had quite her eyes. He had never passed a lovely stranger on the street in the old days without a thrill of delight and warmth. If he never saw her again, and the vision had only lasted for the time it takes a lady to cross the sidewalk from a shop door to a carriage, he was always a little in love with her because she bore about her somewhere, as did every pretty girl he ever saw, a suggestion of the far-away divinity. One does not pass lovely strangers in the streets of Plattville. Miss Briscoe was pretty, but not at all in the way that Harkless dreamed. For five years the lover in him that had loved so often had been starved of all but dreams. Only at twilight and dusk in the summer, when, strolling, he caught sight of a woman's skirt far up the village street, half-outlined in the darkness under the cathedral arch of meeting branches, this romancer of petticoats could sigh a true lover's sigh, and, if he kept enough distance between, fly a yearning fancy that his lady wandered there.

Ever since his university days the image of her had been growing more and more distinct. He had completely settled his mind as to her appearance and her voice. She was tall, almost too tall, he was sure of that; and out of his consciousness there had grown a sweet and vivacious young face that he knew was hers. Her hair was light brown, with gold lusters (he reveled in the gold lusters, on the proper theory that when your fancy is painting a picture, you may as well go in for the whole thing and make it sumptuous), and her eyes were gray. They were very earnest, and yet they sparkled and laughed to him companionably, and sometimes he had smiled back upon her. The Un-

dine danced before him through the lonely years, on fair nights in his walks, and came to sit by his fire on winter evenings when he stared alone at the embers.

And to-night, here in Plattville, he heard a voice he had waited for long, one that his fickle memory told him he had never heard before. But, listening, he knew better—he had heard it long ago, though when and how, he did not know, as rich and true and ineffably tender as now. He threw a sop to his common sense. "Miss Sherwood is a little thing" (the image was so surely tall), "with a bumpy forehead and spectacles," he said to himself, "or else a provincial young lady with big eyes to pose at you." Then he felt the ridiculousness of looking after his common sense on a moonlight night in June; also, he knew that he lied.

The song had ceased, but the musician lingered, and the keys were touched to plaintive harmonies new to him. He had come to Plattville before 'Cavalleria Rusticana" won the prize at Rome, and now, entranced, he heard the "Intermezzo" for the first time. Listening to this, he feared to move, lest he should wake from a summer-night's dream.

A ragged little shadow flitted down the path behind him, and from a solitary apple-tree, standing like a lonely ghost in the middle of the field, came the *woo* of a screech owl twice. It was answered—twice—from a clump of elder-bushes that grew in a fence corner fifty yards west of the pasture bars. Then the barrel of a squirrel rifle issued, lifted out of the white elder blossoms, and lay along the fence. The music in the house across the way ceased, and Harkless saw two white dresses come out through the long parlor windows on to the veranda. "It will be cooler out here," came the voice of the singer clearly through the quiet. "What a night!"

John vaulted the bars, and started to cross the road. They saw him from the veranda, and Miss Briscoe called to him in welcome. As his tall figure stood out plainly in the bright light against the white dust, a streak of fire leaped from the elder blossoms, and there rang out the sharp report of a rifle. There were two screams from the veranda. One white figure ran into the house. The other, a little one with a gauzy wrap streaming behind, came flying out into the moonlight, straight to Harkless. There was a second report; the rifle shot was answered by a revolver. William Todd had risen up, apparently from nowhere, and, kneeling by the pasture bars, fired at the flash of the rifle.

"Jump fer the shadder, Mr. Harkless!" he shouted. "He's in them elders. Fer God's sake, come back!"

Empty-handed as he was, the editor dashed for the treacherous elder-bush as fast as his long legs could carry him; but before he had taken six strides a hand clutched his sleeve, and a girl's voice quavered from close behind him: "Don't run like that, Mr. Harkless; I can't keep up."

He wheeled about, and confronted a vision, a dainty little figure about five feet high, a flushed and lovely face, hair and draperies disarranged and flying. He stamped his foot with rage. "Get back in the house!" he cried.

"You mustn't go," she panted. "It's the only way to stop you."

"Go back to the house!" he shouted, savagely.

"Will you come?"

"Fer God's sake," cried William Todd, "come back! Keep out of the road!" He was emptying his revolver at the clump of bushes, the uproar of his firing blasting the night. Some one screamed from the house:

"Helen! Helen!"

John seized the girl's wrists; her gray eyes flashed into his defiantly. "Will you go?" he roared.

"No!"

He dropped her wrists, caught her up in his arms as if she had been a kitten, and leaped into the shadow of the trees that leaned over the road from the yard. The rifle rang out again, and the little ball whistled venomously overhead. Harkless ran along the fence, and turned in at the gate. A loose strand of the girl's hair blew across his cheek, and in the moon her head shone with gold. She had light brown hair and gray eyes, and a short upper lip like a curled rose-leaf. He set her down on the veranda steps. Both of them laughed wildly.

"But you came with me," she gasped triumphantly.

"I always thought you were tall," he answered; and there was afterwards a time when he had to agree that this was a somewhat vague reply.

(To be continued.)